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CHINESE FABLES AND FOLK STORIES

BY
MARY HAYES DAVIS
AND
CHOW-LEUNG
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY YIN-CHWANG WANG TSEN-ZAN

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
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CHINESE FABLES

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TO
MY FRIEND
MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

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PREFACE

It requires much study of the Oriental mind to catch even brief glimpses of the secret of its mysterious charm. An open mind and the wisdom of great sympathy are conditions essential to making it at all possible.

Contemplative, gentle, and metaphysical in their habit of thought, the Chinese have reflected profoundly and worked out many riddles of the universe in ways peculiarly their own. Realization of the value and need to us of a more definite knowledge of the mental processes of our Oriental brothers, increases wonderfully as one begins to comprehend the richness, depth, and beauty of their thought, ripened as it is by the hidden processes of evolution throughout the ages.

To obtain literal translations from the mental storehouse of the Chinese has not been found easy of accomplishment; but it is a more difficult, and a most elusive task to attempt to translate their fancies, to see life itself as it appears from the Chinese point of view, and to retell these impressions without losing quite all of their color and charm.

The "impressions," the "airy shapes" formed by the Oriental imagination, the life touches and secret

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graces of its fancy are at once the joy and despair of the one who attempts to record them.

In retelling these Chinese stories of home and school life, the writer has been greatly aided by the Rev. Chow Leung, whose evident desire to serve his native land and have the lives of his people reflected truly, has made him an invaluable collaborator. With the patient courtesy characteristic of the Chinese, he has given much time to explaining obscure points and answering questions innumerable.

It has been an accepted belief of the world's best scholars that Chinese literature did not possess the fable, and chapters in interesting books have been written on this subject affirming its absence. Nevertheless, while studying the people, language, and literature of China it was the great pleasure of the writer to discover that the Chinese have many fables, a few of which are published in this book.

As these stories, familiar in the home and school life of the children of China, show different phases of the character of a people in the very processes of formation, it is earnestly hoped that this English presentation of them will help a little toward a better understanding and appreciation of Chinese character as a whole.

MARY HAYES DAVIS.

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INTRODUCTION

To begin with, let me say that this is the first book of Chinese stories ever printed in English that will bring the Western people to the knowledge of some of our fables, which have never been heretofore known to the world. In this introduction, however, I shall only mention a few facts as to why the Chinese fables, before this book was produced, were never found in any of the European languages.

First of all, our fables were written here and there in the advanced literature, in the historical books, and in the poems, which are not all read by every literary man except the widely and deeply educated literati.

Secondly, all the Chinese books, except those which were provided by missionaries for religious purposes, are in our *book language*, which is by no means alike to our spoken language. For this reason, I shall be excused to say that it is impossible for any foreigner in China to find the Chinese fables. In fact, there has never been a foreigner in our country who was able to write or to read our advanced books with a thorough understanding. A few of our foreign friends can read

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some of our easy literature, such as newspapers, but even that sort of literature they are unable to write without the assistance of their native teachers. These are facts which have not, as yet, become known to the Western people who know not the peculiarity of our language—its difficulty.

This book of fables is not of course intended to give a full idea of the Chinese literature, but it shows the thinking reader a bird's-eye view of the Chinese thought in this form of literature. Furthermore, so far as I know, this book being the first of its kind, will tell the world of the new discovery of the Chinese fables.

YIN-CHWANG WANG TSEN-ZAN.

The University of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

王增善彎章
序於士加高
大學校

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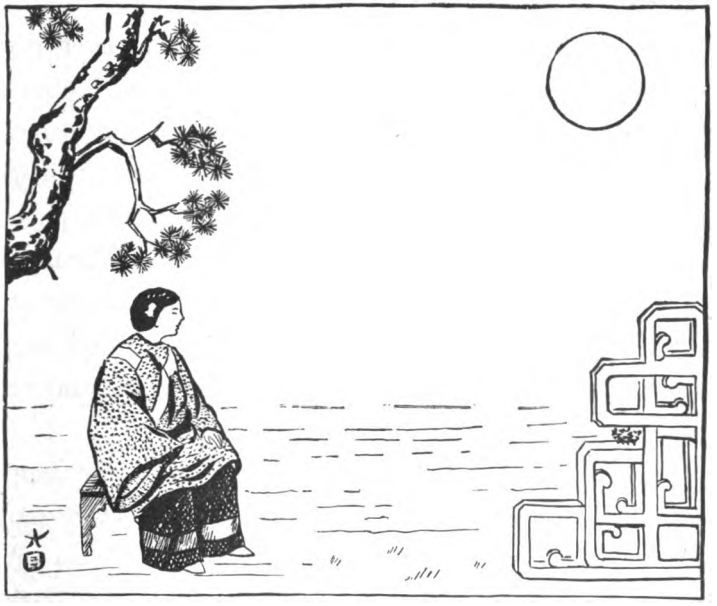
HOW THE MOON BECAME BEAUTIFUL

月何以美



THE Moon is very beautiful with his round, bright face which shines with soft and gentle light on all the world of man. But once there was a time when he was not so beautiful as he is now. Six thousand years ago the face of the Moon became changed in a single

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night. Before that time his face had been so dark and gloomy that no one liked to look at him, and for this reason he was always very sad.

One day he complained to the flowers and to the stars—for they were the only things that would ever look in his face.

He said, "I do not like to be the Moon. I wish I were a star or a flower. If I were a star, even the smallest one, some great general would care for me; but alas! I am only the Moon and no one likes me. If I could only be a flower and grow in a garden where the beautiful earth women come, they would place me in their hair and praise my fragrance and beauty. Or, if I could even grow in the wilderness where no one could see, the birds would surely come and sing sweet songs for me. But I am only the Moon and no one honors me."

The stars answered and said, "We can not help you. We were born here and we can not leave our places. We never had any one to help us. We do our duty, we work all the day and twinkle in the dark night to make the skies more beautiful.—But that is all we can do," they added, as they smiled coldly at the sorrowful Moon.

Then the flowers smiled sweetly and said, "We do not know how we can help you. We live always in

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one place—in a garden near the most beautiful maiden in all the world. As she is kind to every one in trouble we will tell her about you. We love her very much and she loves us. Her name is Tseh-N'io."

Still the Moon was sad. So one evening he went to see the beautiful maiden Tseh-N'io. And when he saw her he loved her at once. He said, "Your face is very beautiful. I wish that you would come to me, and that my face would be as your face. Your motions are gentle and full of grace. Come with me and we will be as one—and perfect. I know that even the worst people in all the world would have only to look at you and they would love you. Tell me, how did you come to be so beautiful?"

"I have always lived with those who were gentle and happy, and I believe that is the cause of beauty and goodness," answered Tseh-N'io.

And so the Moon went every night to see the maiden. He knocked on her window, and she came. And when he saw how gentle and beautiful she was, his love grew stronger, and he wished more and more to be with her always.

One day Tseh-N'io said to her mother, "I should like to go to the Moon and live always with him. Will you allow me to go?"

Her mother thought so little of the question that

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she made no reply, and Tseh-N'io told her friends that she was going to be the Moon's bride.

In a few days she was gone. Her mother searched everywhere but could not find her. And one of Tseh-N'io's friends said,—"She has gone with the Moon, for he asked her many times."

A year and a year passed by and Tseh-N'io, the gentle and beautiful earth maiden, did not return. Then the people said, "She has gone forever. She is with the Moon."

* * * * * * * *

The face of the Moon is very beautiful now. It is happy and bright and gives a soft, gentle light to all the world. And there are those who say that the Moon is now like Tseh-N'io, who was once the most beautiful of all earth maidens.

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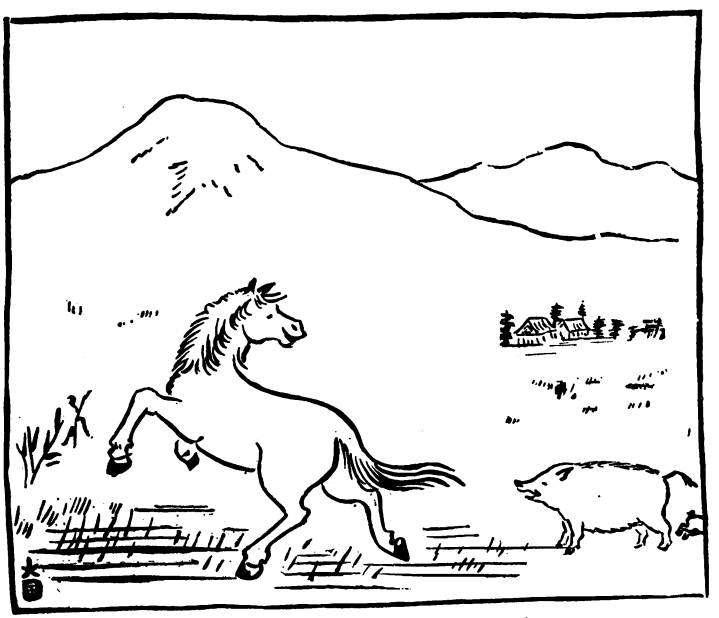
THE ANIMALS' PEACE PARTY

羣獸議和



THE ancient books say that the pig is a very unclean animal and of no great use to the world or man, and one of them contains this story:

Once upon a time the horses and cattle gave a party. Although the pigs were very greedy, the horses said,

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"Let us invite them, and it may be we can settle our quarrels in this way and become better friends. We will call this a Peace Party.

"Generations and generations of pigs have broken through our fence, taken our food, drunk our water, and rooted up our clean green grass; but it is also true that the cattle children have hurt many young pigs.

"All this trouble and fighting is not right, and we know the Master wishes we should live at peace with one another. Do you not think it a good plan to give a Peace Party and settle this trouble?"

The cattle said, "Who will be the leader of our party and do the inviting? We should have a leader, both gentle and kind, to go to the pigs' home and invite them."

The next day a small and very gentle cow was sent to invite the pigs. As she went across to the pigs' yard, all the young ones jumped up and grunted, "What are you coming here for? Do you want to fight?"

"No, I do not want to fight," said the cow. "I was sent here to invite you to our party. I should like to know if you will come, so that I may tell our leader."

The young pigs and the old ones talked together and the old ones said, "The New Year feast will soon be here. Maybe they will have some good things for us to eat at the party. I think we should go."

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Then the old pigs found the best talker in all the family, and sent word by him that they would attend the party.

The day came, and the pigs all went to the party. There were about three hundred all together.

When they arrived they saw that the leader of the cows was the most beautiful of all the herd and very kind and gentle to her guests.

After a while the leader spoke to them in a gentle voice and said to the oldest pig, "We think it would be a good and pleasant thing if there were no more quarrels in this pasture.

"Will you tell your people not to break down the fences and spoil the place and eat our food? We will then agree that the oxen and horses shall not hurt your children and all the old troubles shall be forgotten from this day."

Then one young pig stood up to talk. "All this big pasture belongs to the Master, and not to you," he said. "We can not go to other places for food.

"The Master sends a servant to feed us, and sometimes he sends us to your yard to eat the corn and potatoes.

"The servants clean our pen every day. When summer comes, they fill the ponds with fresh water for us to bathe in.

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"Now, friends, can you not see that this place and this food all belongs to the Master? We eat the food and go wherever we like. We take your food only after you have finished. It would spoil on the ground if we did not do this.

"Answer this question—Do our people ever hurt your people? No; even though every year some of our children are killed by bad oxen and cows.

"What is your food? It is nothing; but our lives are worth much to us.

"Our Master never sends our people to work as he does the horses and oxen. He sends us food and allows us to play a year and a year the same, because he likes us best.

"You see the horses and oxen are always at work. Some pull wagons, others plow land for rice; and they must work—sick or well.

"Our people never work. Every day at happy time we play; and do you see how fat we are?

"You never see our bones. Look at the old horses and the old oxen. Twenty years' work and no rest!

"I tell you the Master does not honor the horses and oxen as he does the pigs.

"Friends, that is all I have to say. Have you any questions to ask? Is what I have said not the truth?"

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The old cow said, "Moo, Moo," and shook her head sadly. The tired old horses groaned, "Huh, Huh," and never spoke a word.

The leader said, "My friends, it is best not to worry about things we can not know. We do not seem to understand our Master.

"It will soon be time for the New Year feast day; so, good night. And may the pig people live in the world as long and happily as the horses and the oxen, although our Peace Party did not succeed."

On their way home the little pigs made a big noise, and every one said, "We, we! We win, we win!"

Then the old horses and oxen talked among themselves. "We are stronger, wiser, and more useful than the pigs," they said. "Why does the Master treat us so?"

EE-SZE (Meaning): Why have some more power than others? Only one knows. Why have some longer life than others? Only one knows. Why do some try and not succeed; while others do not try and yet they do succeed? Only one knows.

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THE WIDOW AND HER SON[1]

A STORY OF THE FAMINE IN SHANG-TONG PROVINCE

能孝能弟

A WIDOW had two sons, Yao-Pao, a lad yet in school, and Yao-Moi who tilled the soil.

Yao-Moi, the elder, was a good man; he had worked

[1] This is a folk story of nineteen hundred years ago.

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hard for thirty years, but he had not gained riches. He sent Yao-Pao to school and served his mother well.

One year there were great rains. The grain all died in the ground and the people of that country had nothing to eat. Yao-Moi had debts which he could not pay, and when his harvest failed he became poorer than ever before.

Then there came a great famine and twenty thousand people died in that land. Yao-Moi killed his oxen to keep his mother and brother from starving. Last of all he killed the horses and mules, for it was yet six months before the time of harvest. Each time when he would kill for meat, the neighbors would come and beg food, and because he was sorry for them, he could not refuse.

One widow came many times until she was ashamed to beg longer from the little that he had. Finally she brought a girl child to him and said, "We are again starving. I will give you this girl for some meat. She is strong and can serve your mother." But Yao-Moi said, "No, I will give you the meat. I can not take your girl from you."

So he gave her meat once more, and she took the meat home to her son. But when it was gone and they were weak and fierce again with the death hunger, the widow said, "We shall all die, unless one dies to save the others. My son can not longer walk. I will

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kill the girl child and save his life. He can then eat." Her son said, "No, do not kill the girl, trade her to Yao-Moi for meat." And the mother said, "Yao-Moi will soon starve, too, and then he will kill her. It is better that I do it;" and she took the big sharp knife to make it sharper.

She laid the girl child down on a bench and prepared to kill; but Yao-Moi passed by the house just then, and hearing the moans and screams he stopped to ask the reason. And the widow said, "We are starving. We will have a funeral to-day. We will now kill and eat each other that the last one may live until the time of the harvest." But Yao-Moi said, "Oh, no, do not kill the girl, I will take her home with me, and you can have meat in exchange for her;" and he took her to his home and gave the widow many pounds of meat for herself and her dying son.

Four months passed by. Yao-Moi had nothing in his own house to eat, and they were all starving—Yao-Moi, his mother, his little brother, and the girl.

When the death hunger came, and the mother saw that her sons must die, she said, "I will kill the girl." But Yao-Moi said, "No, I think we shall not die. Let us sleep to-night and see. I think something surely will come. Better kill me than the girl child."

So they went to bed that night. It was winter and

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the house was cold and dark. There was no wood, no light, no food; and they were starving.

Now, as the house grew more cold and dark, there came to them the quiet of a great despair and they all slept.

And Yao-Moi had a dream, and he saw an old man in flowing white garments, with a belt of gold around his waist. His hair was long and white, and his face was gentle and kind. And he called, "Yao-Moi! Yao-Moi! Yao-Moi! Hearken unto my words. Do you know how many people are dead in this land?"

Yao-Moi answered, "No, but I do know they are many, for only three among a hundred of all that were are now left."

And the old man said, "In every house but yours some have died, but those of your household are all alive: you have also saved the girl child. I know you are a good man. You have plowed the soil for thirty years, and have never complained about the heaven or the earth. The thunder and waters come, the winds blow and the earth quakes, and still you are patient and kind. You are good to your mother. You support your brother, send him to school, and are as a father to him. You have a kind heart for your neighbors' troubles. You live a good life and, because of this, you shall not starve. To-morrow morning you must

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arise early and go to the East Mountain by the wilderness. There you will find many meats and nuts and seeds. Bring them home to your family. I am a spirit sent from the Greatest One to earth."

After saying these things the man went out and Yao-Moi arose with great joy and told his family. Then he went to the East Mountain by the wilderness, where he found corn and peanuts and the meat of two hundred foxes already prepared to eat.

And he was very glad, and brought home much food and saved many lives.

EE-SZE (Meaning): If people do good they will have reward.

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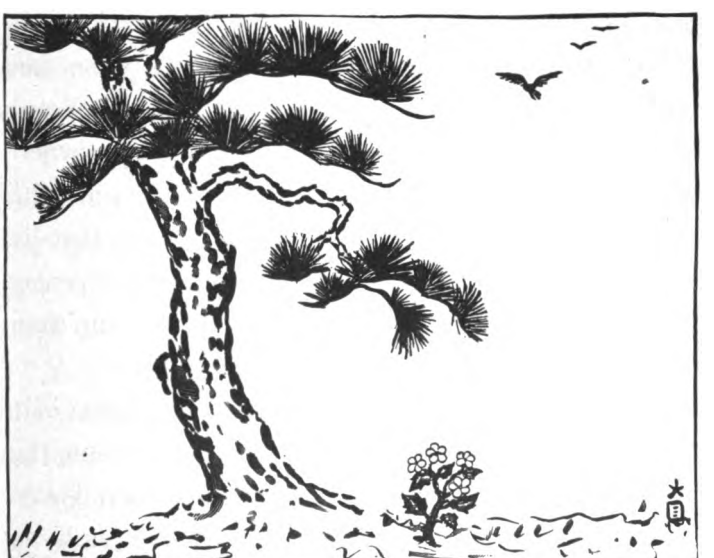
THE EVERGREEN TREE AND THE WILDERNESS MARIGOLD

金盞花不如永綠樹



WHEN the springtime comes in China, the marigold (long-life flower) grows everywhere—on the mountains, in the fields, and by the river side.

The marigold is very proud of its great family which

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is so numerous that the earth seems hardly large enough for it.

Once there was a marigold family that lived beneath an evergreen tree. They grew together all summer long, side by side, arms interwoven with arms, and leaves mingling with leaves.

Every year the tree grew larger, until at last no more sunshine or rain could come through its thick leaves and branches.

One day the marigold said to the evergreen tree, "Whom does this mountain belong to? You are only one, while our family grow in thousands everywhere. We have beautiful flowers from the summer time until the autumn comes. These flowers bear seeds that live through the winter, and in the spring another generation appears. In the summer time people come many miles to this mountain to see us.

"These people take our flowers home. Some of us they put in baskets and call basket flowers. Some they put in the maidens' hair and they call us maiden flowers. School boys like us on their tables and the pupils say we are their flowers. Old people gather us for their birthdays and we are called long-life flowers, and when maidens are married, our flowers are placed in a dish and they worship the Flower God, and call us the pure flower.

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"So you see how pretty the names are that have been given us and how many people need us for their happiness.

"We must bring more and more flowers into the world, for there are not enough even yet.

"But we that live under your shade are not happy. You take away the sun so that he never shines on us, and when the rain comes, not a drop can reach our throats. The breeze comes, but never into our house—no fresh air, no sunshine, no rain, until we fear that we shall die.

"For eighty years our family has lived here. Our children sometimes say, 'We hope that next year we may have sunshine,' or 'We hope that we may soon have rain to drink.' Still no sunshine and no rain can reach us.

"You have destroyed many of our people. When will you allow us to have sun, rain, and air? Do you not know that you are killing us?"

Then the evergreen tree said, "My dear friend, I can not prevent this. Your people are more easily moved than I am. We are three brothers who have lived here hundreds of years and we are here forever. If our great bodies were moved we should die. It is you who should go away from here. Your seeds are light and it would be easy for them to go.

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"When summer comes the children need us here. When the sun is hot the boys and girls sit under our shade, and even though we may kill some of your family, yet must we serve mankind. Do you not know that the children hang swings, and that women hang their babies' beds in our arms? The children also play ride-the-horse, and climb up in our arms, and have many games in our shade.

"Although we serve them and make them happy, yet they are not always kind to us, for sometimes they cut our bark. Students write words in my body with a sharp knife, but I can not prevent it. I have cried many years about this one thing and I would like to go away from here—but how can I move?

"I do not wish to hurt you, dear friend, any more than I wish to be hurt by others; but I am a mountain evergreen and must stand here forever. I hope you will be able to go, for we do not want to quarrel."

The marigold bowed her head and made no reply. And a deep silence came over the evergreen tree as he grew and grew, a year and a hundred years, and many, many more.

EE-SZE (Meaning): The weak can not live with the strong. The poor can not stay with the rich. Only equals are happy together.

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THE SNAIL AND THE BEES

THE MOD [1] AND THE FON

蜂蝸之爭

ONE day the king of the bees with his followers passed by the snail's door with a great noise. The

[1] This species of garden-snail is found in China, and is about the size of a large Roman snail. It sucks the juice of the fruit while on the

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mother snail said, "I have sixteen babies asleep on a leaf, and they must sleep fifteen days before they can walk. You will surely wake them. You are the noisiest creatures that pass my door. How can my children sleep? Yesterday your family and a crowd of your silly followers were here and made a great noise, and now to-day you come again. If I lose one baby because of all this, I will go to your house and destroy it. Then you will have no place to live. Do you know that this tree belongs to me? My master planted it twenty years ago, that I and my children might feed on its fruit. Every year your people come here when my tree has flowers upon it and take the honey away from them; and you not only rob me, but while you are doing it, you make loud and foolish noises. If you do not go away, I will call my master and my people."

The king bee answered, "You have no master in the world. You came from the dirt. Your ancestors all died in the wilderness and nobody even cared, because you are of no use to the world. Our name is Fon (Bee). People like us and they grow fat from our honey, which is better than medicine. My people

trees, eats flies and bugs and, the Chinese say, is fond of sweets. It reproduces every thirty days by spreading a leaf with a sticky substance where the sun shines, the family of young snails coming in about fifteen days.

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live in all parts of the world. All mankind likes us and feeds us flowers. Do you think you are better than man?

"One day a bad boy tried to spoil our house, but his mother said, 'You spoil many things, but you shall not trouble the bees. They work hard every day and make honey for us. If you kill one bee-mother, her children will all leave us and in winter we shall have no honey for our bread.' And the boy obeyed. He might catch birds and goldfish, destroy flowers, do anything he wished, but he could not trouble us, because we are so useful. But you, slow creeper, are not good for anything."

Then the snail was angry and went to her house and said to her family, "The bees are our enemies. In fifteen days, five of you must go to their house and destroy it."

So they went. But when they reached the bee's house, they found no one there; and they said, "We are glad, for we can eat their honey." And they ate honey until sunset. Then the bee king and all his people in great numbers came with joyous singing, drumming, and dancing to their home.

When the bee king saw the five snails in his house he said, "Friends, this is not your home nor your food. Why do you come here and eat all our honey? But

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it is late, and you are welcome to stay overnight with us, if you do not hurt our children."

The big snail only laughed and answered, "This is very good honey. I have moved my family here. We will stay not only one night or two nights, but forever, and we will eat your honey for our food as long as it lasts."

The bee king said, "I will allow you to stay only one night here. You can not live in my house. You do no good thing to help. I am afraid even to let you stay one night. My honey may be all taken and the babies killed while we sleep to-night."

And he said to the wise old bees, "Do not sleep. We can not trust them."

The next morning the wise bees came and told the king, "Thirty-five babies died last night. The snails crept all about our house and poisoned them. And they left much mouth-dirt in the honey so that we fear it will kill even man to eat it. We must drive them away, O king."

"One day more and if they do not go, we will do some other thing," said the bee king.

Then he went to talk to the snails again and said, "Friends, you are looking fat; I know you are satisfied here and like my honey, but why do you kill my people and why do you spoil our honey? I think I

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know why. I believe you are an enemy, for I remember now that I met a snail mother some time ago, who scolded me and my people. I believe you are her children.

"Be that as it may, I now tell you that if you snails do not leave my house before to-morrow at midday, you die here."

"Do what you will," said the snail, "we will stay. We are a free people. We go where we will, we eat what we like, and just now we like honey. We shall eat all the honey you have, if we wish it. At any rate, we will stay now, for we would like to see what you can do that is so great."

Then the bee king looked grave and called all his soldiers together, and told them to prepare for battle. The first order was, "Make ready your wax until midday!" The second order was, "Sharpen your swords and be ready!"

The great army of thousands with sharpened stings was commanded to make the noise of battle and sting to the death if need be.

The snails were frightened at the battle cries and drew into their shells. Then the king ordered the soldiers to bring wax quickly. And while thousands of bees kept the snails frightened by the great noise of battle, other soldiers filled the snails' mouths with the

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wax; and in two hours they were sealed so that they could not move nor breathe.

The bee king then said to the snails, "At first I thought you were friends, and I offered you shelter for the night and all the honey you could eat. But you thought the Creator made the earth for you alone and nothing for any one else. With such natures as yours, if you were as large and powerful as the birds or the beasts, there would be no room for any other creature in all the world. Truly you spoke, when you said you would stay, for now you die."

Then the king moved all his people away to a new house and left the snails to die.

One day when the master came to get honey and saw the empty house and the five dead snails, he said, "This bee house, with all the honey, is poisoned. It must be cleansed."

And the dead snails and the spoiled honey were sunk into the earth together, but the bees lived on and were happy and useful.

EE-SZE (Meaning): The proud and selfish want everything, but deserve nothing.

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THE PROUD CHICKEN

傲雞

A WIDOW named Hong-Mo lived in a little house near the market place. Every year she raised many hundreds of chickens, which she sold to support herself and her two children.

Each day the chickens went to the fields near by and hunted bugs, rice, and green things to eat.

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The largest one was called the king of the chickens, because, of all the hundreds in the flock, he was the strongest. And for this reason he was the leader of them all.

He led the flock to new places for food. He could crow the loudest, and as he was the strongest, none dared oppose him in any way.

One day he said to the flock, "Let us go to the other side of the mountain near the wilderness to-day, and hunt rice, wheat, corn, and wild silkworms. There is not enough food here."

But the other chickens said, "We are afraid to go so far. There are foxes and eagles in the wilderness, and they will catch us."

The king of the chickens said, "It is better that all the old hens and cowards stay at home."

The king's secretary said, "I do not know fear. I will go with you." Then they started away together.

When they had gone a little distance, the secretary found a beetle, and just as he was going to swallow it, the king flew at him in great anger, saying, "Beetles are for kings, not for common chickens. Why did you not give it to me?" So they fought together, and while they were fighting, the beetle ran away and hid under the grass where he could not be found.

And the secretary said, "I will not fight for you,

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neither will I go to the wilderness with you." And he went home again.

At sunset the king came home. The other chickens had saved the best roosting place for him; but he was angry because none of them had been willing to go to the wilderness with him, and he fought first with one and then with another.

He was a mighty warrior, and therefore none of them could stand up against him. And he pulled the feathers out of many of the flock.

At last the chickens said, "We will not serve this king any longer. We will leave this place. If Hong-Mo will not give us another home, we will stay in the vegetable garden. We will do that two or three nights, and see if she will not give us another place to live."

So the next day, when Hong-Mo waited at sunset for the chickens to come home, the king was the only one who came.

And she asked the king, "Where are all my chickens?"

But he was proud and angry, and said, "They are of no use in the world. I would not care if they always stayed away."

Hong-Mo answered, "You are not the only chicken in the world. I want the others to come back. If you drive them all away, you will surely see trouble."

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But the king laughed and jumped up on the fence and crowed—"Nga-Un-Gan-Yu-Na" (coo-ka-doodle-doo-oo) in a loud voice. "I don't care for you! I don't care for you!"

Hong-Mo went out and called the chickens, and she hunted long through the twilight until the dark night came, but she could not find them. The next morning early she went to the vegetable garden, and there she found her chickens. They were glad to see her, and bowed their heads and flew to her.

Hong-Mo said, "What are you doing? Why do you children stay out here, when I have given you a good house to live in?"

The secretary told her all about the trouble with the king.

Hong-Mo said, "Now you must be friendly to each other. Come with me, and I will bring you and your king together. We must have peace here."

When the chickens came to where the king was, he walked about, and scraped his wings on the ground, and sharpened his spurs. His people had come to make peace, and they bowed their heads and looked happy when they saw their king. But he still walked about alone and would not bow.

He said, "I am a king—always a king. Do you know that? You bow your heads and think that

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pleases me. But what do I care? I should not care if there was never another chicken in the world but myself. I am king."

And he hopped up on a tree and sang some war songs. But suddenly an eagle who heard him, flew down and caught him in his talons and carried him away. And the chickens never saw their proud, quarrelsome king again.

EE-SZE (Meaning): No position in life is so high that it gives the right to be proud and quarrelsome.

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THE LEMON TREE AND THE PUMELO

檸檬與酸梅

Once a Lemon Tree and a Pumelo Tree lived and grew together in an old orchard.

When the springtime came, they opened wide their beautiful blossoms and were very happy.

And all the children came to visit them, and their hearts were glad with the joy of springtime.

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When the warm winds blew, they bowed their heads and waved their blossom-covered arms until they looked like gay little flower girls dancing in the sunshine.

Then the birds came together, and sang sweet songs to the fragrant, happy trees, and their joy lasted from spring until summer.

But once in the summer time the Lemon Tree talked all night long, telling the Pumelo Tree of a great sorrow that had come to her. And she said, "I wish I were a Pumelo Tree, for I have learned that the children of men do not like my children so well as they like yours.

"The first born of my family are thrown away or destroyed. The second generation are taken from me and put in the sunshine for twenty days before they are liked. They are never seen in the market places as your children are, for it is said we are too bitter and sour.

"My children are not well thought of. Ah me! I wish I were not a Lemon Tree.

"Why did the Creator make your children so sweet that they have a good name in all the world, while mine are sour and bitter?

"My flowers are the same as your flowers. My trees are liked the same as yours, but my fruit is almost despised.

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"When the Moon feast day of the eighth month and fifteenth day comes, then your children have a happy time for they are honored in every family. When the New Year feast day comes, your children are placed on the first table and every one says, 'Oh, how beautiful!'

"Women and girls like to kiss your children's sweet faces. Oh, Mrs. Pumelo, I should like to be as great a blessing to the world as you are."

And the Pumelo said, "My dear friend, do not say these sad words to me. I feel sure that some day you will be loved as much as I am.

"Did you know that the master spoke of your beauty to-day?"

"What did he say?" asked the Lemon Tree.

"He said, 'How beautiful the Lemon Tree is! I think I shall try to graft the branches of the Lemon Tree on to the Pumelo Tree.'

"Wait until another springtime comes and you will see how much your children will be honored. How happy we shall be together when you come to grow with me and I with you."

So the next year the master and his son brought a sharp knife and cut the Lemon Tree's branches, and fastened them to the Pumelo Tree.

The first fruit came and the children danced for joy.

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"How queer to see lemons growing on the Pumelo Tree!" they said.

And the lemons were no longer bitter and sour, but were so pleasant to taste and so fair to look upon that many were saved for the coming feast day.

The Lemon Tree saw that her children were honored, and she was very happy.

Her heart was grateful to the Pumelo Tree who had raised her children to honored places.

And from that time the Lemon Tree and the Pumelo both had the same body and the same mind, the same happiness and the same friends, through many generations forever.

EE-SZE (Meaning): When you help another you make two people happy.

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WOO SING AND THE MIRROR

借鏡訓子

One day Woo Sing's father brought home a mirror from the great city.

Woo Sing had never seen a mirror before. It was hung in the room while he was out at play, so when he came in he did not understand what it was, but thought he saw another boy.

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This made him very happy, for he thought the boy had come to play with him.

He spoke to the stranger in a very friendly way, but received no reply.

He laughed and waved his hand at the boy in the glass, who did the same thing, in exactly the same way.

Then Woo Sing thought, "I will go closer. It may be that he does not hear me". But when he began to walk, the other boy imitated him.

Woo Sing stopped to think about these strange actions, and he said to himself, "This boy mocks me, he does everything that I do;" and the more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and soon he noticed that the boy became angry too.

So Woo Sing grew very much enraged and struck the boy in the glass, but he only hurt his hand and he went crying to his father.

The father said, "The boy you saw was your own image. This should teach you an important lesson, my son. You ought never to show your anger before other people. You struck the boy in the glass and hurt only yourself.

"Now remember, that in real life when you strike without cause you will hurt yourself most of all."

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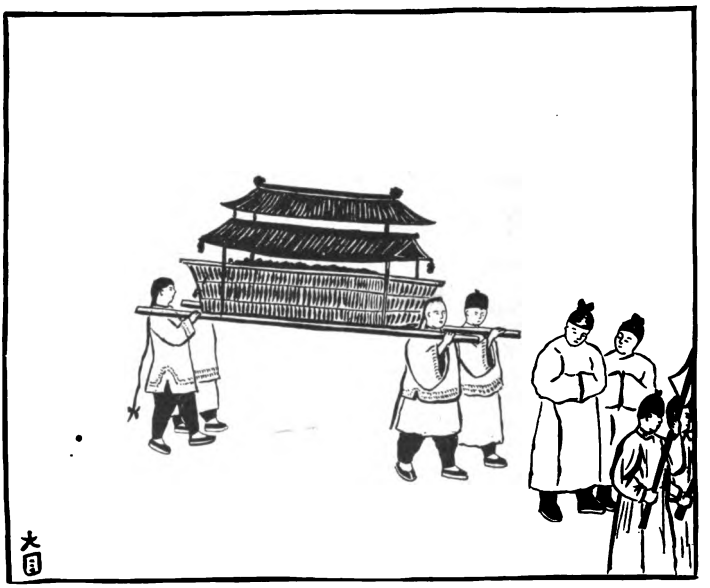
TWO MOTHERS AND A CHILD[1]

二母一孩



Woo-Liu-Mai's (sweet smelling flower) husband died when her boy baby was just two days old. She was young—only fifteen—and had loved her husband

[1] This story is about two thousand years old and is found in Chinese historical literature.

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much; and now she felt very lonely and sad. In her heart she wondered why the gods had taken him away from her and the little baby, who needed him so much; but she was a good woman and patient, and never complained to the heavens or to her friends.

One day she felt that she must talk to somebody about it all. So she went to her mother-in-law and said, "Mother, to-morrow is the New Year Day and we must make merry and buy firecrackers and incense for the temple. We have thirty gods in our house and we worship often, but they do not help us any. They would not keep my husband alive and let us be happy together."

Woo-Liu-Mai's mother-in-law answered, "My child, we can see many people worse off than we are. Look at the poor—and there are many of them. They have no houses to live in. They go around to many market places, begging rice and sweet potatoes. They walk all the time and lose their health trying to get enough food to keep alive. Sometimes they walk from early morning to the dark night and get only one little meal.

"And, daughter, do you not know how many people are frozen and die by the wayside in the cold winter? The New Year brings them two or three days of happiness, then all the rest of the year they are hungry and sad.

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"You married my son very young and you are not yet old. You have a good house to live in, plenty of clothes to wear, and a little son. I think you have great blessings from the gods. To-morrow is the New Year Day, and we will buy some pretty red paper to cut in a thousand pieces and hang on our walls, doors, beds, and vases.

"We will make a happy New Year and worship the gods. We will open our door wide and our friends who are happy will come to us and make the New Year call. We will cook the two sweet potatoes, one for you and one-half for me, and the other half for the child. Now see what a happy New Year we shall have."

But on the morning of the New Year early, Woo-Liu-Mai awoke and found her child dead in the bed by her side, and she ran sobbing her great despair, to her mother-in-law.

"We will not hang up the red paper on the door or any place, mother, for our happiness is all dead now. We will have a funeral in three days."

Woo-Liu-Mai's mother then took a piece of blue cloth and nailed it to the door, so that people would know that some one was dead there and would not come near the house for fear of bad luck. And she laid the child on a cloth and covered him with another cloth until the third day, when he would be buried.

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When people passed by and saw the blue cloth on the door, they thought the mother-in-law, who was old, must be dead.

The second day Woo-Liu-Mai went to her own mother's home, which was some distance from there, and said, "Mother, my child is dead. Just as the New Year Day came, in the morning early, before the sunrise —so he died."

Woo-Liu-Mai's sisters, cousins, and neighbors came to comfort her, because they were sorry. She was now both a widow and childless. In China it is bad to be a widow, but to be both widowed and childless makes of a woman almost an outcast.

One favorite cousin, Woo-Lau-Chan, a very good woman who loved Woo-Liu-Mai like a sister, had a baby just the age of the one who had died, and when she heard the news, she thought much in her heart of her cousin's great sorrow. "How can my cousin find comfort in life any more?" she said in her mind. "She lost her husband when so young and now she has lost her only child. The first happiness lost—the second happiness lost. A widowed woman has nothing more to expect in life. Oh, I want to do something for her. Clothes, money, bracelets, jewelry, can not comfort her without her child."

Woo-Lau-Chan then dressed herself and took up

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her sleeping child and ran to the house where the dead baby lay. She was brave and went into the dark empty room, and no one saw her. She never thought or cared about the bad luck it might bring, nor of herself in any way. She thought only of the great sorrow of the dead child's mother.

The still body lay on the floor; she took off its clothes and put them on her own baby, and she waited until he had had milk and slept again; then she laid him on the floor and took the body of the dead child and went out into the great forest, where she left it.

She then went back to her cousin with a happy smiling face and said, "Woo-Liu-Mai, I wish you would come with me to your home."

"No," said Woo-Liu-Mai sadly, "I will go to-morrow and bury my child. I will stay here until then."

"But you can not wait until to-morrow. Come with me now. The gods told me in a dream last night that your child would live again. Kwoh-King may now be crying for milk. Come, go now."

But Woo-Liu-Mai said, "No, it can not be. You tell me what is not true. I go to-morrow to bury my dead."

Just then word came from the mother-in-law, "Your child is alive. Come home."

Woo-Liu-Mai went home and saw the child sitting

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on the grandmother's lap. And the grandmother said, "Three days your child lay on the floor as if dead. His face is changed, his body is changed. Strange, he seems not like the same baby, but he is alive, alive."

Then they thanked the gods with great joy, and the boy grew and was wise beyond the number of his years.

Woo-Liu-Mai's heart was now filled with great peace, and she no longer complained even in secret against the gods.

Woo-Lau-Chan, the real mother, kept her secret well and no one knew, but in her heart she said,

"The time will come, when I must tell my son all. When the years have grown old, Kwoh-King, his children and his children's children will bow in reverence to the ancestors who brought them into life, and it is right that he should know the truth and have his own birthright."

But in his youth she said, "Not now, for the judgment of youth is unstable and he might forsake Woo-Liu-Mai, and leave her again sorrowful."

When Kwoh-King was seven years old, he began school, and he learned fast. But in time the money was nearly gone and Woo-Liu-Mai was too poor to send him longer to the nearest school.

One of her cousins who was a teacher sent word that he would teach the child, so he was sent to the school

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where he need not pay. When Kwoh-King was sixteen years old, he finished his studies with great honor. He was still wiser than his years and went to work for the government, soon being given a high state position.

Then his mother, Woo-Lau-Chan, who was also a widow, wrote the whole truth to Kwoh-King and to the government—his father's name, his mother's name, his home, his house—all with great care.

And the two mothers, the mother who raised him and the mother who bore him, were called by the government; and when the Emperor heard this story, they were given a beautiful house, and Kwoh-King lived near and took loving care of them both as long as they lived.

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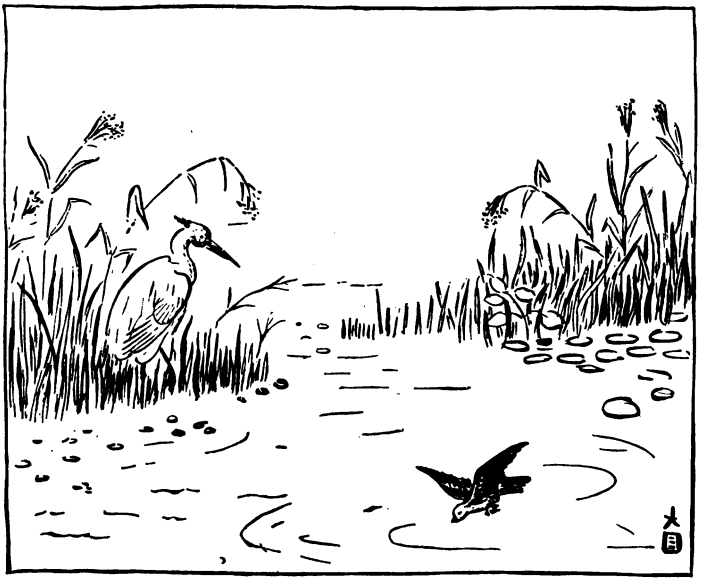
THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT TELL A LIE[1]

童不說謊



SI-MA-QUONG lived in the Province of Sze-Chuen. When he was young (about six years old) he played

[1] This is a Chinese life story and is about twelve hundred years old.

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with a dog and a cat, but they hunted all night long for food in the wilderness, and his mother feared he might get the devil-sickness from them. So one day his father paid much silver for Wa-Na-Juch, a bird with a beautiful song, for his son to play with.

Wa-Na-Juch hopped on Si-Ma-Quong's lap and shoulder and ate from his hand. He was a very handsome bird, and he sang all day long.

One day he flew out to the lake to bathe, and Si-Ma-Quong was very happy watching him. Then he ran and told his mother, "Mü-Tsing,[1] I saw the bird bathe in the lake. I think the water is too cold for him. Give him a good hot bath, as you give me."

His mother said, "In winter you have a warm bath, but not too hot."

When she bathed Si-Ma-Quong, she showed him why the water must not be too hot for the bird, and he seemed to understand. But the next day when his mother went out, Si-Ma-Quong said to his bird, "Wa-Na-Juch, do you want a bath?" And the bird said, "Chi-Chi," which the boy thought meant "Yes, Yes."

He put some clean hot water in a dish, and called the bird, but it would not even go near the water.

This made Si-Ma-Quong angry. "You tell me a lie, and that is very bad," he said to the bird. "You said,

[1] Mandarin dialect word meaning mother.

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'Yes, Yes,' when I asked if you wanted a bath. Now, I will bathe you as Mü-Tsing bathes me."

He then put the bird in the hot water, but it chirped loudly and tried to get away. "Do not cry and be a bad bird," said Si-Ma-Quong. "I cry sometimes, too, when Mü-Tsing bathes me," but in two or three minutes, the bird lay still and he put it on the table to dry.

When his mother came, he said, "Mü-Tsing, my bird is cold. He is on the table. I think he wants some clothes. Give him my fur jacket and make him warm, so he will stand up and sing."

His mother did not know about the bath, so she said, "Oh no, the bird needs no jacket. He wears a feather jacket."

She then went into the room and saw the bird lying on the table, and she said, "He is dead. Who did this, Si-Ma-Quong? He is wet. Did he go to the pond? I think you killed him. If you did, your father will surely beat you, and he will never bring you another bird."

And Si-Ma-Quong cried and said, "Yes, I did it. I put him in hot water. I bathed him just as you bathe me. At first he would not go in, but I made him." Then he cried, 'Chi-Chi-Chee.' Will you tell my father? I think he will forgive me, if I tell him the truth. He did the last time I did wrong."

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When time came for the evening meal, his mother called him, but he would not eat. He said, "I am sorry about Wa-Na-Juch, and I can not eat food. Wait until my father comes, so that I may tell him all I have done."

* * * * * * * *

Once Si-Ma-Quong and two other boys were trying to peel fruit that grew in a neighbor's garden, but the peach skins were tight and the boys were not skilled. Their task seemed not likely to be finished, when a man passing by said, "I will tell you how to peel the peaches. Get boiling water, drop the peaches in and take them out in a very little time, and then you can pull off their skins easily."

The man whose peaches they were peeling came soon, and saw that the task was finished. He looked at the fruit and said, "I never saw fruit peeled with so little waste. How did you do it?"

They showed him the hot water and he said, "You are very wise to know first this way of peeling fruit. I will give a piece of silver to each of the boys who made the discovery."

He asked the other two, "Did you?" and "Did you?" and they both said, "Yes." He then gave them the silver, but Si-Ma-Quong said, "No, I do not want the silver. We did not ourselves know how to remove the peach skins. A strange man showed us."

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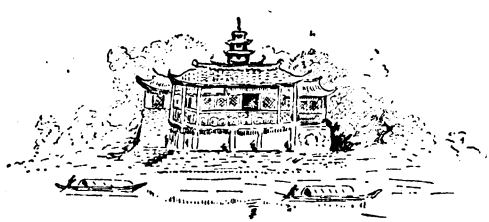
Now these two things happened when Si-Ma-Quong was very young; and he lived seventy-two years and served his emperor and his nation wisely. He did many great things, because he was true in the little things. So history says that this man, who never spoke falsely as a child, youth, or man, was one of the greatest men in the Chinese nation.



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A GREAT REPENTANCE AND A GREAT FORGIVENESS

悔恕並行

LIANG-SHENG-YU was one of the great generals of China. He had served his kingdom wisely for many years, when there was a war of four nations. Liang-Sheng-Yü conquered the other nations, and put them under the authority of his king.

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He was also called Seung-Foo, or the great Helper of the King. He was given this honorable title because he had served two generations of kings—father and son.

One day Liang-Sheng-Yü reproved the general, Liang-Po, in the presence of the king. Liang-Po was angry because of this and said to himself, "Although Liang-Sheng-Yü is a great general, he should not say these things to me in the king's presence. He has found fault before the king. I will now find fault with him and accuse him before the king. The king forgave me, only because he knew I had done many good things for the kingdom."

He went to his home, but he could not sleep, for his heart burned with anger. In the morning his face was yet cast down with sorrow, for he could not forget his great disgrace before the king. His wife questioned him, "What troubled you last night?" But he only answered, "Do not ask."

A servant brought his morning meal, but it was to him as if it had no taste. And the wine-servant gave him wine, but it tasted as water. Another servant brought him water to bathe, and he said, "It is too cold." But the water was such as it always had been.

Three days passed by and the heart of Liang-Po changed not. Then he went to the house of a friend.

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On the way, while still at some distance, he saw Liang-Sheng-Yü coming and he tried to meet him and talk with him. But Liang-Sheng-Yü walked by on the other side and would not see.

Liang-Po said to himself, "This is a strange and terrible thing. I was never his enemy; why is he so long angry? Why will he not face me? With him I served the king many years. I can not see why he should turn away from me. He is wrong, wrong."

He went home and wrote a letter to Liang-Sheng-Yü saying, "I saw you on the Wun-Chung Street to-day and I desired to meet you and tell you many things. I believe you wished not to see me, for you walked on the other side, with your face turned from me. So my heart has another sorrow. I would see you to-morrow, soon after the morning meal, and I invite you to come to my house and eat the noon meal with me."

But when the servant had brought Liang-Sheng-Yü the letter and he had read it, he threw it into the fire and said not a word. The servant saw and went home and told Liang-Po.

Fifty days after this, word came that the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom was about to make war against the Juo Kingdom.

The king, therefore, sent word to the general, Liang-

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Po, and to the great helper, Liang-Sheng-Yü, saying, "I want you to come at once to me, your king."

When he received the word, Liang-Po said, "I think there will be a great war with the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom." So he waited before going to the king, and gave orders that four thousand soldiers should make ready for battle.

They made ready, and for two days Liang-Po delayed his going. But Liang-Sheng-Yü was already with the king. And in his heart he had fear, for he thought, "Liang-Po will not come. I have made him feel shame before the king. I have done wrong. But if he comes not, our nation is surely lost. We can not go into battle without him."

The king asked him, "Why has not the general, Liang-Po, come into my presence? We can not have war without the general. Without him we can not even send an answer to the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom."

Liang-Sheng-Yü answered and said, "Before I sleep this night, I will see the general." Then he went to his home and told his servants, "I have not time for food. I must see General Liang-Po." And he bade them cut a bundle of thorn sticks, which he took and carried to Liang-Po's house.

It was the time of Nyi-Kang (Everything Quiet) when Liang-Sheng-Yü came to General Liang-Po's

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house. He knocked on the door three or four times before the servants opened it and asked, "Who is here?" He answered, "I am Liang-Sheng-Yü. Tell your master I must see him to-night, or I die."

Liang-Po dressed himself and came to the door. There he saw an old man with head so bowed as to conceal his face. He wore old clothes, and he carried a sword on his back and a bundle of thorn sticks in his hands. And he knelt on the floor.

General Liang-Po said, "Who is this?" Then Liang-Sheng-Yü, the great and proud helper of two generations of kings, said, "I wish to see General Liang-Po."

His face was still close to the floor and his voice trembled as he spoke. "General Liang-Po," he said, "I was against you before the king and I have learned that the fault was mine. I found you right, and I am guilty, not you. I have done you great wrong. General Liang-Po, my sword is on my back and a bundle of thorn sticks is in my hand. Take the sticks and beat me. Take the sword and cut off my head. We can not make war to-morrow, if we are not at peace to-night."

Then Liang-Po, the great general, helped Liang-Sheng-Yü upon his feet and said, "No, we have always been friends. We will be friends forever, and together we will serve our king. I wish you to forgive me. I

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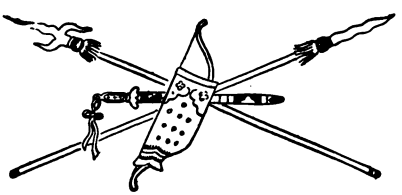
wish the king, too, to forgive me, for I have also made mistakes. We will all forgive and be forgiven—then we will surely be friends."

The two great men bowed down together and worshiped the Creator, and they both swore that from that time they would have the same mind.



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THE MAN WHO LOVED MONEY BETTER THAN LIFE

愛財勝於愛命

In ancient times there was an old woodcutter who went to the mountain almost every day to cut wood.

It was said that this old man was a miser who hoarded

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his silver until it changed to gold, and that he cared more for gold than anything else in all the world.

One day a wilderness tiger sprang at him and though he ran he could not escape, and the tiger carried him off in its mouth.

The woodcutter's son saw his father's danger, and ran to save him if possible. He carried a long knife, and as he could run faster than the tiger, who had a man to carry, he soon overtook them.

His father was not much hurt, for the tiger held him by his clothes. When the old woodcutter saw his son about to stab the tiger he called out in great alarm:

"Do not spoil the tiger's skin! Do not spoil the tiger's skin! If you can kill him without cutting holes in his skin we can get many pieces of silver for it. Kill him, but do not cut his body."

While the son was listening to his father's instructions the tiger suddenly dashed off into the forest, carrying the old man where the son could not reach him, and he was soon killed.

* * * * * * * *

And the wise man who told this story said, "Ah, this old man's courage was foolishness. His love for money was stronger than his love for life itself."

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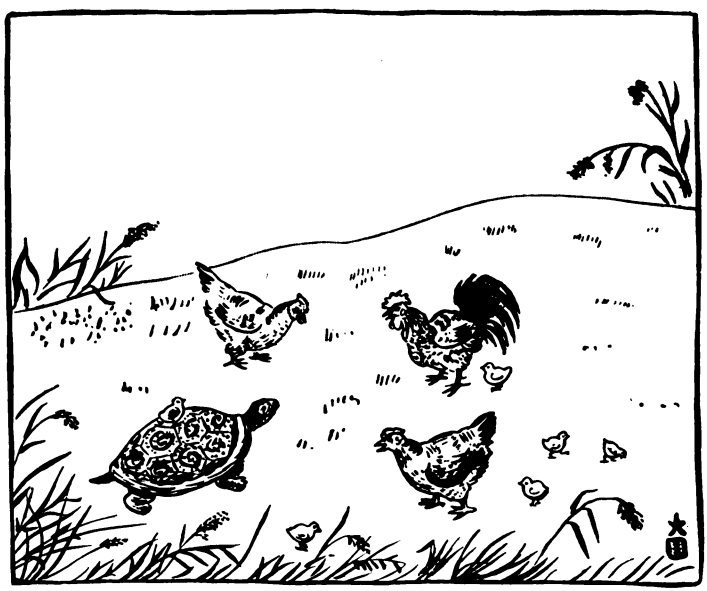
THE HEN AND THE CHINESE MOUNTAIN TURTLE

雞鼈之爭



FOUR hundred and fifty years ago in Sze-Cheung Province, Western China, there lived an old farmer named Ah-Po.

The young farmers all said Ah-Po knew everything.

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If they wanted to know when it would rain, they asked Ah-Po, and when he said, "It will not rain to-morrow," or "You will need your bamboo-hat [1] this time to-morrow," it was as he said. He knew all about the things of nature and how to make the earth yield best her fruits and seeds, and some said he was a prophet.

One day Ah-Po caught a fine mountain turtle. It was so large that it took both of Ah-Po's sons to carry it home. They tied its legs together and hung it on a strong stick, and each son put an end of the stick on his shoulder.

Ah-Po said, "We will not kill the turtle. He is too old to eat, and I think we will keep him and watch the rings grow around his legs each year." So they gave him a corner in the barnyard and fed him rice and water.

Ah-Po had many chickens, and for three months the turtle and chickens lived in peace with each other. But one day all the young chickens came together and laughed at the turtle. Then they said to him, "Why do you live here so long? Why do you not go back to your own place? This small barnyard corner is not so good as your cave in the wilderness. You have only a

[1] Bamboo-hat:—A large umbrella-shaped hat, made of bamboo, and worn by the Chinese to keep off the rain.

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little sand and grass to live on here. The servant feeds you, but she never gives you any wilderness fruits. You are very large, and you take up too much room. We need all the room there is here. You foolish old thing, do you think our fathers and mothers want you? No. There is not one of our people who likes you. Besides, you are not clean. You make too much dirt. The servant girl gave you this water to drink, and your water bowl is even now upside down. You scatter rice on our floor. Too many flies come here to see you, and we do not like flies."

The turtle waited until they had all finished scolding. Then he said, "Do you think I came here myself? Who put me here, do you know? Do you suppose I like to be in jail? You need not be jealous. I never ate any rice that belonged to you or your family. I am not living in your house. What are you complaining about? If our master should take your whole family and sell it, he would only get one piece of silver. Who and what are you to talk so much? Wait and see; some day I may have the honored place."

Some of the chickens went home and told their mother, "We had an argument with the turtle to-day and he had the last word. To-morrow we want you to go with us and show him that a chicken can argue, as well as a turtle."

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The next day all the chickens of the barnyard went to see the turtle. And the old hen said, "My children came here to play yesterday, and you scolded them and drove them away. You said all my family were not worth one piece of silver. You think you are worth many pieces of gold, I suppose. No one likes you. Your own master would not eat you. And the market people would never buy a thing so old and tough as you are. But I suppose you will have to stay here in our yard a thousand years or so, until you die. Then they will carry you to the wilderness and throw you into the Nobody-Knows Lake."

Then the turtle answered and said, "I am a mountain turtle. I come from a wise family, and it is not easy for even man to catch me. Educated men, doctors, know that I am useful for sickness, but if all the people knew the many ways they could use me, I think there would soon be no more turtles in the world. Many Chinese know that my skin is good for skin disease, and my forefeet are good for the devil-sickness in children, as they drive the devil away; and then my shells are good for sore throat, and my stomach is good for stomach-ache, and my bones are good for tooth-ache. Do you remember that not long ago our master brought three turtle eggs to feed your children? I heard him say, 'Those little chickens caught cold in

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that damp place, and so I must give them some turtle eggs.' I saw your children eat those three eggs, and in two or three days they were well.

"So you see the turtle is a useful creature in the world, even to chickens. Why do you not leave me in peace? As I must stay here against my will, it is not right that your children should trouble me. Sometimes they take all my rice and I go hungry, for our master will not allow me to go outside of this fence to hunt food for myself. I never come to your house and bother you, but your children will not even let me live in peace in the little corner our master gave me. If I had a few of my own people here with me, as you have, I think you would not trouble me. But I have only myself, while you are many.

"Yesterday your children scolded me and disturbed my peace. To-day you come again; and to-morrow and many to-morrows will see generations and still more unhatched generations of chickens coming here to scold me, I fear; for the length of life of a cackling hen is as a day to me—a mountain turtle. I know the heaven is large, I know the earth is large and made for all creatures alike. But you think the heavens and the earth were both made for you and your chickens only. If you could drive me away to-day, you would try to-morrow to drive the dog away, and in time you would

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think the master himself ought not to have enough of your earth and air to live in. This barnyard is large enough for birds, chickens, ducks, geese, and pigs. It makes our master happy to have us all here."

The chickens went away ashamed. Talking to each other about it, they said, "The turtle is right. It is foolish to want everything. We barnyard creatures must live at peace with each other until we die. The barnyard is not ours; we use it only a little while."

EE-SZE (Meaning): The Creator made the world for all to use, and, while using it, the strong should not try to drive out the weak.

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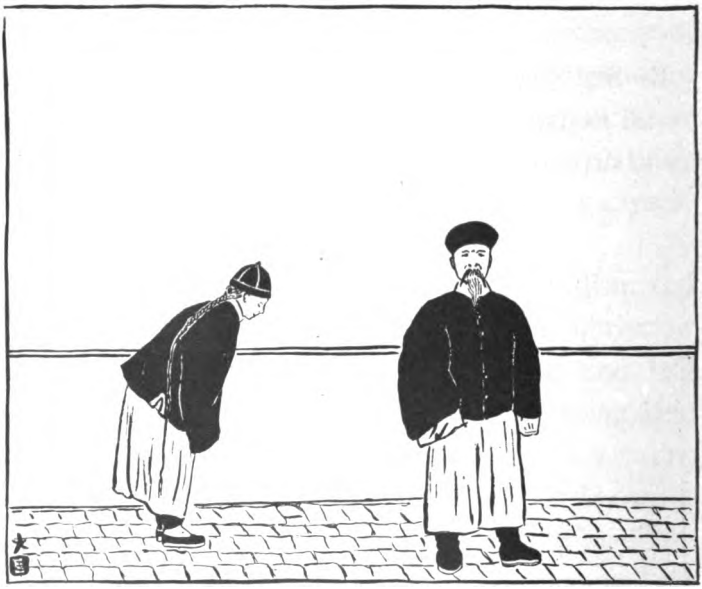
THE BOY OF PERFECT DISPOSITION[1]

完全之性格

THE STORY OF TSEN-TSZE, A PUPIL OF CONFUCIUS



ABOUT two thousand four hundred and twenty years

[1] The Chinese idea of perfection of character is based on the three hundred and fifty laws of Confucius, the first law requiring honor and

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ago, Tsen-Tsze [1] was a child and lived in San-Szi Province. For twenty-one years he studied many things with the great teacher, Confucius. And the first great moral law of Confucius he obeyed, not only in his acts, but in his heart, even when beaten for a thing he did not understand.[2] And it is not on record that any other man has ever done this.

In earliest childhood, he always loved and reverenced his father and mother. In the morning when he arose he went to see his parents before he would have the morning meal.

One day Tsen-Tsze's mother went away to visit his grandparents. When she left, she said, "Dear son, I will return in one day. You and your father will be happy for a day without me." And he knelt [3] and bowed his head to worship his mother at parting.

perfect obedience to parents—even in thought. The second law requires one to think of one's own wrongdoing every day. So when Tsen-Tsze tried so hard to do right that each day he asked his parents and teacher, "Have I done anything wrong to-day?" he fulfilled the two highest laws of Confucius in spirit and in letter.

[1] Tsen-Tsze was one of the seventy-two most faithful pupils of Confucius, chosen from among this great man's three thousand students because of his nearness to perfection in character. Most of the seventy-two students began studying with Confucius when they were children.

[2] That he did not show or even feel a spirit of resentment when his father beat him is considered a remarkable instance of honor and trust in parents.

[3] In worshiping, the Chinese bow a given number of times for each act of reverence to grandparents or dead ancestors, or to father and mother.

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The evening came and she did not return, and Tsen-Tsze could not eat food or sleep that night from anxiety for his mother. And when the maid servant called him for the morning meal, he said, "No; I can not eat food until I see my mother's face." But his father said, "You must eat and go to school."

"I can not eat food or study books until my mother comes," said Tsen-Tsze, and word was sent his teacher who said, "You are not quite wise, Tsen-Tsze. If your mother should die, would you then no longer study? I hope to see you soon at school."

At midday his mother came. Then he had food, and went to school and studied his lessons.

When he came home from school, he always went to see where his parents were before going to play. At meal time he would not take food until his father and mother began eating. When he met an old person on the street, he uncovered his head and stood aside respectfully to let him pass before he went on.

These and all other customs of courtesy were observed and honored by Tsen-Tsze. At school he studied his lessons faithfully, and never left tasks unfinished. Every day he asked his teacher, "Have I done any wrong to-day?"—so great was his desire to know the right and to do all that he knew.

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One day Tsen-Tsze's father beat him with a long Kia-Tsa (stick).[1] When he got up from the floor he came and took his father's hand and asked, "Father, did I do wrong? Tell me what it was." But his father's face was red with anger, and he would not explain.

Tsen-Tsze went out to the schoolroom and took his music box and came again before his father's face, and sat down on the floor and played and sang to him. He sang,

"Every father loves his son,
Of this all men are sure.
Each child will need the stick sometimes,
To keep his nature pure."

And he said, "I read in history about many famous men who were great because they were gentle. I hope I shall be like them. History says their fathers gave them the stick when young." But the anger had not all left his father's face, and he brought him a cup of tea and said, "Father, are you thirsty?"

Then he took his father's hand and went to the gar-

[1] In some parts of China this story is told the children to teach them not to resent punishment from parents. They are taught that whatever a parent does is for their good, and they must believe it unquestionably. When told this story they are asked, "Do you think you could feel that way toward your father after a whipping—or would you feel angry or sorry for yourself?"

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den where the birds were singing. He put a flower on his father's breast and asked, "Father, do you like that? I do."

All this caused Tsen-Tsze's father to think, and in his heart he said, "This boy is not like other children of his age." And so long as he had life, he never beat his son again.

Tsen-Tsze became a great scholar and finished all his studies when he was only twenty-five years old. And he was a wise and good man.

His own generation and all the generations of man that have come after him have studied about him, and have wished to be as he was.

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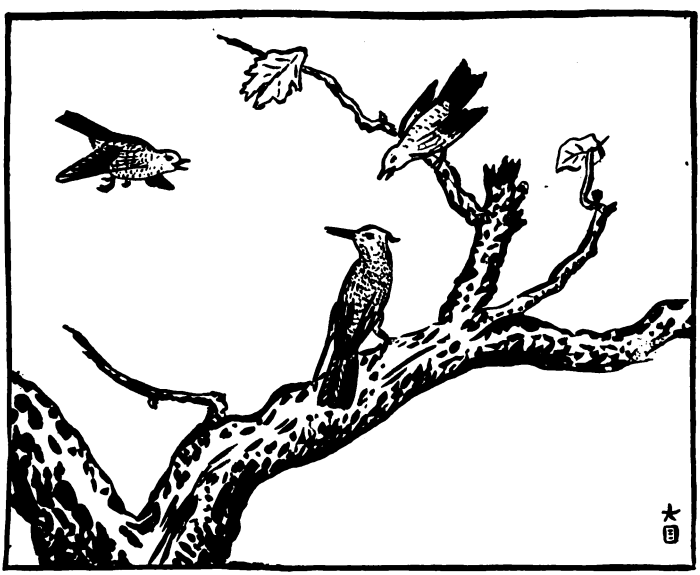
WHAT THE YEN TZI TAUGHT THE HUNTER [1]

獵人受教於鳥



ONE day a hunter was looking for a fox in the wilderness, when suddenly he saw thousands of birds coming

[1] The Yen Tzi, or Kind Bird, is a species of the fly-catcher family found in China. They migrate in the spring and fall, and never winter where the weather is very cold. They are very tame, sometimes even building nests in the houses of the Chinese, and eating with the chickens at feeding time. They are very gentle, never fight among themselves or

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towards the river, and he lay quite still and waited for them all to come.

The Yen Tzi, or Kind Birds, were talking together, and the hunter listened. One asked, "Is all our company here?"

And the Leader Bird said, "No, little One-Month-Old and Two-Month and Mrs. This-Year are not here yet."

And the Leader Bird said to the Lookout Birds, "You must go after them and help them to the river before five days. Our boats are dried and ready to sail. It is growing cold and we must all go south together."

So the Lookout Birds flew all around the country to hunt the lost birds. They found one with a broker wing, and a little one with not enough wing feathers to fly far, and one with a wound in his leg made by a hunter, and others that were tired or very hungry. They found every missing bird, and this great family of friends were soon all together again.

But while the Lookout Birds were seeking the lost ones from their own family, they heard another bird cry, "Save me! save me, too!" And they stopped and said, "Who is calling? Some one must be in trouble."

with others, share their nests with each other or even with other birds. Hence the name "Kind Birds." They are also sometimes called "Sociable Birds," because they always go in flocks and are never found alone.

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They flew to a lemon tree and saw a Tailor Bird with her leg all covered with blood. The Kind Birds said, "Friend, how came you in such trouble? What is your name and where do you live?"

The Tailor Bird said, "I live in the South Province, eight hundred miles away. I came here to see my friends and relatives. Three of my children are with me, and we were on our way home to the south. We had gone sixty miles, when I asked my children to stop and rest in this lemon tree, and now I do not even know where they are. I fear the hunter got them. I am hurt, too, and I do not think I shall ever see my home again. I shall lose my life here, I fear."

The Yen Tzi heard all the Tailor Bird said. They talked together and were sorry for her who had no one to care for her, for they knew her children had been killed by the hunter. "If we do not save her life, she will surely die," they said.

So they asked, "Would you like to go with us? We know you eat different food. We live on rice and fruit and a few bugs. We do not know that you can live as we do. And we must ride on our boats, many, many hours."

The Tailor Bird answered, "Yes, I will go gladly, and will eat what you have and cause you no trouble."

The Kind Birds helped the Tailor Bird to their

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company and put her in one of their boats, and two or three birds fed her and cared for her until she was well.

The hunter who told this story said, "I have learned many things by watching and studying the habits of the Kind Birds. I will never kill birds again."

EE-SZE (Meaning): In time of trouble, man should help not only his own, but others.

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A LESSON FROM CONFUCIUS

孔子之教誨

CONFUCIUS once heard two of his pupils quarreling. One was of a gentle nature and was called by all the students a peaceful man. The other had a good brain and a kind heart, but was given to great anger. If he wished to do a thing, he did it, and no man could prevent; if any one tried to hinder him, he would show sudden and terrible rage.

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One day, after one of these fits of temper, the blood came from his mouth, and, in great fear, he went to Confucius. "What shall I do with my body?" he asked. "I fear I shall not live long. It may be better that I no longer study and work. I am your pupil and you love me as a father. Tell me what to do for my body."

Confucius answered, "Tsze-Lu, you have a wrong idea about your body. It is not the study, not the work in school, but your great anger that causes the trouble.

"I will help you to see this. You remember when you and Nou-Wui quarreled. He was at peace and happy again in a little time, but you were very long in overcoming your anger. You can not expect to live long if you do that way. Every time one of the pupils says a thing you do not like, you are greatly enraged. There are a thousand in this school. If each offends you only once, you will have a fit of temper a thousand times this year. And you will surely die, if you do not use more self-control. I want to ask you some questions:—

"How many teeth have you?"

"I have thirty-two, teacher."

"How many tongues?"

"Just one."

"How many teeth have you lost?"

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"I lost one when I was nine years old, and four when I was about twenty-six years old."

"And your tongue—is it still perfect?"

"Oh, yes."

"You know Mun-Gun, who is quite old?"

"Yes, I know him well."

"How many teeth do you think he had at your age?"

"I do not know."

"How many has he now?"

"Two, I think. But his tongue is perfect, though he is very old."

"You see the teeth are lost because they are strong, and determined to have everything they desire. They are hard and hurt the tongue many times, but the tongue never hurts the teeth. Yet, it endures until the end, while the teeth are the first of man to decay. The tongue is peaceful and gentle with the teeth. It never grows angry and fights them, even when they are in the wrong. It always helps them do their work, in preparing man's food for him, although the teeth never help the tongue, and they always resist everything.

"And so it is with man. The strongest to resist, is the first to decay; and you, Tsze-Lu, will be even so if you learn not the great lesson of self-control."

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THE WIND, THE CLOUDS, AND THE SNOW[1]

I

(第一)風雲雪

ONCE there was a great quarrel between the winds, the clouds, and the snow.

[1] This story was told to his people by that good man Mong-Fu-Tsi (Canton dialect), who lived about five hundred years later than Confucius.

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And suddenly, without any warning, there came the angry roar of the thunder and the sharp cracking of the forked lightning as it separated the heavens.

Then the north winds, the south winds, the east winds, and the west winds came together a thousand and a thousand strong.

And the sun was no longer seen, for the earth was covered with a deep blackness as of the night. The clouds were coming to the east, but the wind drove them all back to the west side of the heavens and finally much hail and snow were thrown down to the earth.

The clouds said to the snow, "Why do you go to earth? You are not wanted there. In the warm south land you are never welcomed. Your people would be killed at once if they went there. Even here you are allowed to stay only for a short time."

"We do not come to this earth for our own pleasure," answered the snow. "It was pleasanter where we were. We came to earth to help its people."

At this the clouds frowned until their faces became black and they said, "We can not believe that."

"It is true," answered the snow. "In the summer time you will see how the people cry for pressed snow. They pay three pennies for one little cup of water that we have made cold.

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"You say we are not liked in the south land, but we tell you that the south-land people send many oxen, horses, and men to the north to find the snow.

"They pack us in the storehouses so that we may last until the hot weather, and when the summer fever comes all people need us."

"You have been studying this one great need of man a long time, we think," and the clouds bowed in scornful mock sympathy.

"We do many good things for man," continued the snow. "Thunder and lightning do him much harm and he fears them greatly; but the Creator sends us to comfort him. The lightning disappears from the earth for a time when the season of our appearance comes."

"You should wear a crown," suggested the clouds sneeringly.

"A king who wore one—the old King Dai-Sung—once said of us, 'Oh, snow, snow, how beautiful you are. It is good for flowers, good for grass, and good for trees that you are here.'

"And he said to the rose bushes, shrubs, and trees who were asleep, 'If you wish beauty in the spring time, you must have our friend the snow in the winter.'

"He laid his hand gently on his horses' necks and said, 'True helpers that are both feet and legs to me, it will soon be time for the green grass to appear. You

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will have plenty this year, for we had a thick cover of snow this winter.

" 'It will soon be hot weather, but I do not fear the heat, for I have plenty of hard snow, pressed and packed for the summer time.'

"So you see the snow is useful to man. We could have stayed where we were in the sky and kept clean, and we need not have worked hard flying all the way down to the ground.

"We never hear that the clouds do any good thing," said the snow.

"The time may come when you will have finished talking," said the clouds. "Then we can tell you some things."

"We saw the big Ti-San Mountain to-day," continued the snow, "and many of the cloud children were playing around its summit, but what good did they do? None.

"A hunter was looking for wild beasts and your children were naughty and covered his eyes so that he could not see. Do you remember how he scolded your children and said, 'I do not like these cloudy, foggy days'?

"Once the General San Chi led his soldiers to fight against his nation's enemy, and one night he went out to learn how many of the enemy could be seen.

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"The moon and stars tried to help him, but you came and covered them and it grew so dark that he lost his way. Then the enemy took his horse and gun and he nearly lost his life.

"He hid in a cave and said, 'Those clouds have caused my death, I fear.' He lay in the dark cave until the morning came and he could see to find his way.

"We do not see why the Creator made clouds to hang around in the sky from north to south, and east to west," said the snow, angrily.

II

(第二)風雲雪

Just then the clouds' lawyer, the wind, came to defend them. "Whom are you scolding?" he asked.

"You think the Creator should have made the snow king of a world, I suppose, and that there is no place or use for the clouds.

"You talk so much that we can not find opportunity to tell what we are good for. You are not the only helper of man and of growing things in the hot summer time.

"Do you remember when the great General Dhi-Sing led five thousand soldiers to battle? They traveled

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over mountains and through wild places until they were worn and weary.

"They found water to drink by the Gold Mine Mountain and stopped there to rest; but there were no trees or growing things on that mountain and they could find no shade.

"The sun sent down great heat and they suffered so that they could not rest. Then they held their faces up to heaven and in anguish they cried, 'Oh, sun, why shine so hot to-day?'

Then they looked to the east and saw our brother, the cloud, beginning to appear.

" 'Why do you not come to us, and cover the face of the sun that we may have shade and rest?' they pleaded of the cloud; and so our brother came and stood between the earth and the sun.

" 'Oh, this is rest, rest,' said the soldiers in great relief. 'How we wish that the cloud might always shield us from the burning fire of the sun.'

"And not only the soldiers, but all the farmers and woodcutters ask us to help them in the time when the sun comes close."

"Can you do only this one thing?" asked the snow, coldly.

"Who carries the rain and the snow through the sky?" asked the wind.

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"I tell you there would be no rain nor snow but for the help of the wind and the clouds.

"You know well that the rain is made from the ocean water.

"One day the water said to the cloud, 'Friend, I should like to journey around and around the sky, but I have no wings, and can not fly. My body is so heavy that I can not move it, and I never expect to take this trip unless you, my friend, help me.'

"And so we lifted the water and helped it step by step until we floated it through the air. Our first cloud faces were very light, but after we had traveled five or six miles through the sky our faces changed to gray, and when we had gone one thousand miles our faces became black and the farmers said, 'We shall soon have rain.'

"Do you know why the faces of clouds grow black?" asked the wind.

"Anger makes things black," said the snow, "but why should we know, for of ourselves we never change color."

"It was because great strength was being put forth to travel through the sky," argued the wind, "for soon the drops of water said, 'We are tired and want to go back to earth again.'

"Then we said to the water, 'The earth people need

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you and all growing things need you. It is good that you go.'

"And on the place where that water fell there had been no rain for three years.

"The king had bowed his head a thousand times before our father and mother and had cried, 'Oh, rain cloud, why are you so long in coming?'

"We heard the earth king's cry, and that night the mother of clouds said to us, 'My children, you must go down to earth and help its people or they will perish.' So we called all our brothers and sisters to go at the same time, and we went to earth and saved a million and a million lives.

"The greatest wrong you have done is to forget who helped you when you were needy," continued the wind.

"Do you remember that you once lived in the ocean, river, or lake? At that time I do believe that you were not well liked. In the sea you were in the lowest class and worked hard every day and night.

"When the wind came and blew you into waves you would always call out in a big rough voice, 'Muh; Muh; Spsh; Sph -s -s.'

"You were restless and unhappy, and tried and tried to escape from that place, and the cloud mother pitied you.

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"She said, 'I am very sorry. We will bring them up here with us,' and she asked the sun's help to do it.

"For a day and a day, a night and a night, you were carried up, up to the first section. But you were not satisfied then, and you were taken to very high seats.

"You wanted the best places and would do no work unless the winds pushed and the clouds carried you. So we took you up high where we lived and had a happy time.

"Now you have forgotten all this. Who helped you up? Who made you pure?" But the snow did not answer.

Finally the snow said, "Yes, our family is from the rivers and seas. We had forgotten. If we had only thought, we should have been more grateful."

The sun was judge, and he said, "We decide this case in favor of the wind and the clouds."

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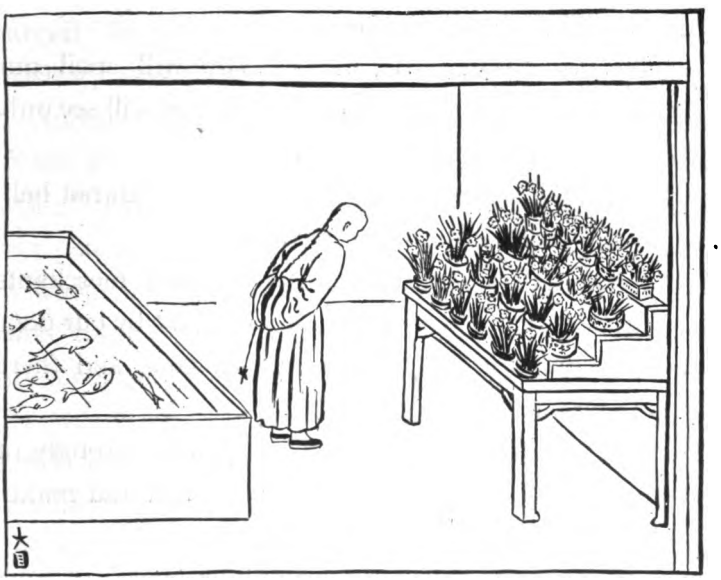
THE FISH AND THE FLOWERS

魚花異味



ONCE there was a Chinese merchant who sold flowers and fish. In the winter time the flowers and fish each had a separate house to live in, but one very cold winter the merchant said to his servants, "I think we must put the lily bulbs in the house with the fish. It is warmer there."

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And a thousand and a thousand narcissus bulbs which were growing for the great feast of the New Year were moved into the house with the fish.

This made the fish angry and that night they scolded the narcissus.

"Friends," said the fishes, "this is not your place and we will not have you here.

"We do not like your odor. You will spoil our people. When men pass by our door they will see only you.

"They will never see our family. You can not help or do any good here; so you must go.

"Every day a hundred and a hundred merchants and students come to visit us. If you stand by our door they will surely think the fish are all gone and there is nothing but flowers left.

"We do not want our place to smell so strongly of flowers. We do not like it. It is very bad and makes us sick."

The narcissus answered, "Strange, but we were thinking of that same thing.

"Some people say that fishes have a bad odor, but I never heard it said of our flowers. I think I will say no more about it. Let others decide."

Then another flower spoke and said to the one who had been talking, "Hush, sister, this is not our house.

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We will go to-morrow. Let the fishes say what they will about us, and do not quarrel with them. All people know we are not bad and that our fragrance is sweet."

When the morning sunshine came, the doors were opened, and a thousand and a thousand flowers had blossomed in the night, and the people said, "Oh, how sweet! Even a fish house can be made pleasant. We wish it could be like this all the time."

And one visitor said, "How sweet this place is! Do fishes or flowers live here?" And when he saw, he said, "It is too bad to put delicate flowers in evil smelling places."

Then three students came to buy flowers. The servants brought three pots from the fish house, and the students said, "We do not want pots from the fish house. Give us others. These have a disagreeable smell, like the fishes."

The fishes heard all and were even more angry at the flowers. But the flowers heard and were happy, and they said, "How foolish to quarrel and try to put evil on others."

EE-SZE (Meaning): The good need no defense. Their best defense lies within themselves.

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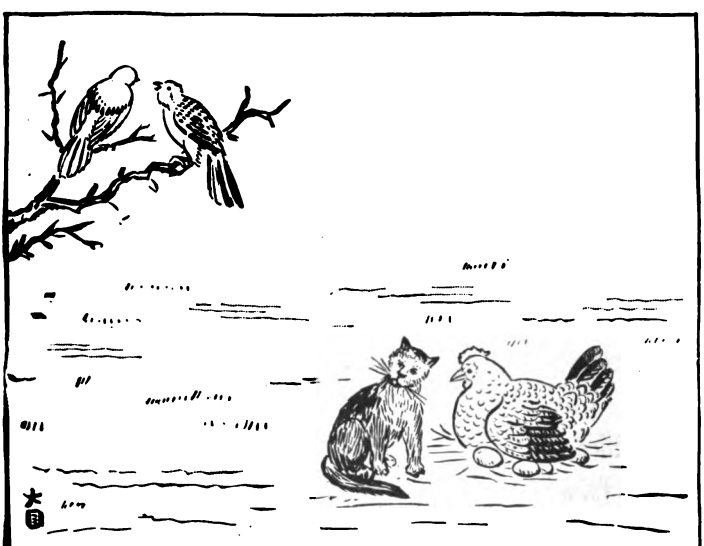
THE HEN, THE CAT, AND THE BIRDS

雞貓鳥



ONCE a farmer's boy caught three young wood larks. He took them home and gave them his best and largest cage to live in. Soon they were happy and sang almost all day long.

Every one liked the birds very much, excepting the cat and the hen.

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One day the sun shone very hot and the birds tried to get out of the cage. They wanted to fly in the trees and bushes.

The farmer's boy knew what they wanted and hung their cage in the tree.

He said to himself, "I think my birds will like this. They can get acquainted with other birds. I know birds should go with birds. That is their happiness."

Then the wood larks sang loud and long, for they were glad to be in the trees.

An old hen was sitting on some eggs near by, and her little ones were just beginning to come out of the shells. The singing of the birds made her angry and she said to them, "Will you stop that noise for a time so that I may hear my little ones call? I can not hear a word my children say. That is not a pretty song, anyway. When other birds sing, their songs are sweet; but your noise hurts my ears. Why do you sing all the time? No one likes to hear you.

"That foolish boy did not know much about birds, or he would not have caught you. There are plenty of other birds in the mountain. The thrush and the kind-birds are good, with fine voices and clean and beautiful feathers.

"Why could not that foolish boy catch them? They are the birds I like. They are kind to chickens and like

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to live with us, but you wood larks are our enemies, and our children fear to come near you."

The birds made no reply to the hen's scolding. They sang and were happy and did not seem to notice her.

This only made the hen more angry, and when the cat passed by her door, she said, "Good morning, Mrs. Cat. Do you know we have much trouble since our enemies, the wood larks, came here to live? They are always trying to get out of the cage. I think they want to hurt my children—or yours," she added slyly.

"Do you hear their harsh ugly voices all the day? I can not sleep, I can not find any comfort here since those birds have come."

"Our master's son brought them," said the cat, "and we can not help ourselves. What would you do about it?"

"I told you," said the hen, "that I do not like those birds. They should be killed or driven away."

"I do not like them very well either," replied the cat. "Cats and birds do not go well together. Cats like birds to eat you know, but then men like chickens. If you do not want them here, we can do this. At mid-day, when the master's son lets the birds out for a bath, they sit a while in the sun to dry their feathers. When you see them come out, call 'Cluck, cluck,' and I will come and catch them or drive them away."

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When the time came for the birds to take their bath, the cat was asleep. The hen called loudly. The cat heard her and crept quietly to the place where the birds were bathing.

But one of the birds saw the cat and said to her, "Mrs. Cat, what are you trying to do? We know what the hen said to you about us last night. I heard her advise you to kill us or drive us away. Is this not true?

"The old hen does not wish us to live here; but then the rats and mice do not like you to live here either. I warn you not to put your paws on us. If you kill us, the master's boy will kill you, and he will kill and cook the hen. Do you know how much he loves us?

"Every morning before the sun shines, he is up; and do you know where he goes? He goes to the river to catch the baby swims (little fish) for us. He goes to the mountain and catches grasshoppers for us, and from the fields he brings us seeds and rice.

"He works hard for us. Sometimes he brings other boys here just to hear our songs. He spent much money for our cage and our gem-stone water dishes.

"Every day the master asks his son, 'How are your birds, my son?'

"One day our brother would not eat food and the boy said to his father, 'What ails my bird, father? All the foods are here, but he will not eat.'

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"The father answered, 'I will call a doctor.'

"And the doctor came and said, 'The bird has fever. Give him some Da-Wong-Sai and Tseng-Chu-Mi and he will be well soon.' The boy paid the doctor for this; so you see how well he loves us.

"When we do not like to stay in the house he hangs us out in the trees so that we can talk with other birds.

"Now, Mrs. Cat, do you see how well we are cared for? Go back and tell the old hen not to talk about us. Do not notice what she says against us, for if you kill us, as the hen wishes you to do, you will surely have no life left in the world.

"You see how cunning the hen is. She will not do the thing herself, but wants you to do it. That proves that she is your enemy as well as ours.

"Oh, Mrs. Cat, do not be foolish. You have three little ones to care for. If you lose your life by taking ours, who will care for your children? Will the hen do it? I think not."

When the cat heard such wisdom from a little bird she said, "Well! Well! Well! I think you are right," and went away.

EE-SZE (Meaning): True friends will not ask you to do things they would not do themselves.

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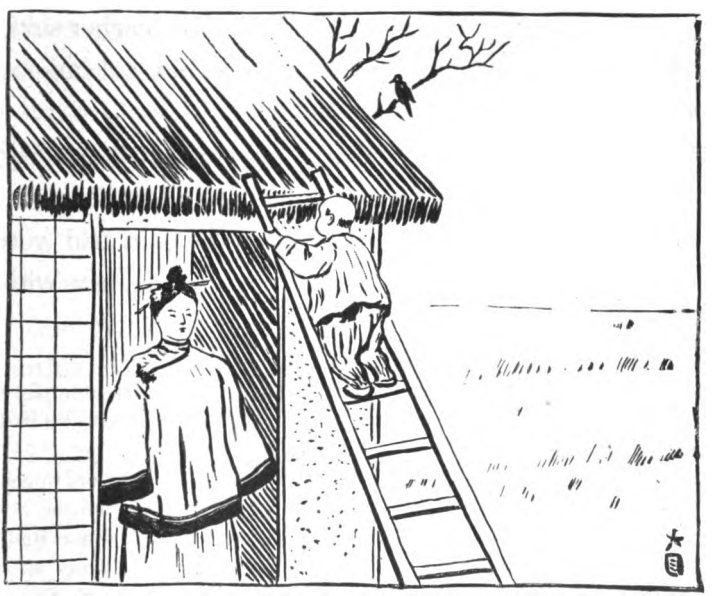
THE BOY WHO WANTED THE IMPOSSIBLE

欲所不能欲者



TSING-CHING (Pure Gold) was four years old when his parents sent him to a "baby school" [1] for the first

[1] The little children of China from three to six years of age are often sent to a subscription school to learn to talk, write characters, etc. The

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time and told him that the teacher could tell him everything he would like to know.

When he saw a queer bird flying around he asked his teacher, "What kind of thing is that in the air?" His teacher told him, "A bird," and that to be a bird meant to fly around and sing in every place and make music for the people.

The boy said, "Can I not do it?" His teacher said, "Yes, you can sing music for the people, but you can not fly unless you get wings."

Tsing-Ching replied, "Yes, I can do that, too. My grandmother told me about a spirit with wings."

His teacher said, "If your grandmother told you that, you can try and see. You may be a man with wings sometime." [1]

teachers of these schools are required to be men of very exemplary character. They must be gentle and kind and, above all, have no bad habits.

[1] "A man with wings." This can not be translated into the word angel. This story from the "Chinese History," or life stories from the actual lives of the people, was taken from a district of China where Buddhism prevails. Tsing-Ching's idea of a man spirit with wings after death was based on the belief taught by the Buddhist priests that man might live again, but that no one could attain again a state of consciousness if he killed, spilled blood, or ate flesh. Meat-eaters were consequently barred from ever wearing wings.

The idea of wings was not general, as the Buddhist spirit was never pictured as having wings, though being able to float through the air.

The hope of a future life was a little brighter for the Buddhist, however, than for the follower of Confucius. That great and good man's

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Just then the servant girl, that his mother had sent, came to fetch him home from school.

When they reached the park by his home, Tsing-Ching said, "Lau-Mai, I want that long ladder and a long stick." The nurse-girl did not know what he would do with them, but she finally had to give him both to keep him from crying. She was afraid his mother would hear him cry and that she would come out and scold her for not taking better care of the child.

As he took the long ladder he said, "Now I am going to be a bird." His nurse said, "You can not be a bird, Tsing-Ching. Birds fly. You can not fly. Why are you trying to climb up the ladder? That is not the way to be a bird."

Lau-Mai helped him up two or three steps, when his mother called her to come in and she left him there for a little time.

He climbed up, up, nine steps by himself—and fell down. But he was not hurt, nor did he cry; he had no fear—he thought of but one thing—*he was going to be a bird.*

Suddenly his mother came and saw him again trying

law of life gave three hundred and fifty precepts, and man by following them might hope for eternal consciousness; but though they were a good basis for a moral character, they were the despair of those who tried to keep all three hundred and fifty of them in the hope of winning eternal life.

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to climb up the ladder and asked, "What are you doing, Tsing-Ching?"

He answered, "I want to be a bird; wait, I will try again. I know that birds fly in the air, not on the ground. I can not fly on earth. If I get up high in the air, then I know I can fly."

His mother thought he wanted to climb up and get a bird; she looked all around and said, "There is no bird up there now."

"But, Ah-Ma,[1] I want to be a bird."

The servant Lau-Mai came just then and explained to his mother. His mother said he was a foolish boy, and gave him food and sent him to school again.

In two hours the teacher sent all the boys out to play. They ran to the pond where the gold-fish were, for they liked to watch them swim in the water.

After exercise, they all went into the schoolroom and Tsing-Ching told his teacher, "I saw many goldfish swimming in the pond. Did you know that, teacher? A man fed them rice and they all came out for him. They seemed so happy, they shook their tails and waved their fins and swam up and down and all around in the cool water. Oh, I should like to be a fish."

His teacher said, "Learn lessons now." But Tsing-Ching could not study; he could only think, think

[1] Canton dialect word meaning mother.

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about the fish. Soon he asked that he might go out to drink. Then he went to the pond and took off his clothes, but the gardener saw him and asked, "What are you doing, boy? This is school-time."

"I want to be a fish," said Tsing-Ching.

The gardener thought he wanted to catch the fish and said, "The fish are for your eyes and not for your hands. Do not disturb them."

Tsing-Ching sat down and waited until the gardener went away. Then he stepped into the water and talked to the fish.

"I am going to be one of you now," he said. "Come to me and show me how to swim with you." But they all hurried away.

For half an hour he splashed in the shallow water, trying to swim, until the teacher thought, "Where is Tsing-Ching?" and sent a boy to see. He found him in the pond and asked him to come into the schoolroom, saying the teacher would punish him if he did not.

"No," said Tsing-Ching, "I shall be a fish; I told the teacher I was going to be a fish." And so the boy went back and told the teacher, who hardly knew what to think.

Finally he went out with a stick and asked, "Tsing-Ching, what are you doing here? Do you know this is school-time? Do you know that you were allowed only

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to go out for a drink and not to stay here and play? You have done wrong."

"Why, teacher, I told you that I wanted to be a fish," said Tsing-Ching. "I do not want books or exercises. I am going to be a fish and I will not go to school. Mother said you teach everything; now teach me to be a fish."

His teacher said, "How foolish you are, Tsing-Ching; you are a boy, a man. You can learn many things better than to be a fish. Come with me now."

That night when Tsing-Ching was walking with his mother and nurse out by the water, he saw the summer moon shining in the lake.

"How strange, Ah-Ma, the moon is under the lake! See, it raises the lake and shakes it all the time. I want it. What kind of a white ball is it?"

Then his mother told him that the moon was in the sky, not in the lake, and she explained and showed him. And when he saw the moon in the sky, he said, "I know that it is not the moon in the lake, for it shakes. It is not quiet like that one in the sky. It is a silver ball, I know."

He asked so many questions that his mother grew tired of answering and let him ask unnoticed. Then he wandered away a little distance and threw stones in the water. And the waters waved and the white ball

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danced so prettily that he wanted it very much. He waded into the lake, deeper, deeper, until he fell down. He screamed and swallowed the water, and it took a long time to make him alive again, after his mother took him out of the lake.

When the neighbors heard about it, they said, "Foolish boy; not satisfied to do the things he can—he is always wanting things he can not have."

Many people in this world are like Tsing-Ching.

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THE BOY WHO BECAME A HSAO-TSZE[1]

王孝子

THIS is the true story of a boy who obeyed perfectly all his life the law of Confucius concerning honor to parents.

Few have been able to do this. Among a people of

[1] A title of great honor given to followers of Confucius who have been known from childhood to maturity by many people as having observed this law of Confucius faithfully.

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many millions who have kept record over four thousand years, only twenty-four men have been found worthy of the great honor of being called Hsao-Tsze.

Twelve hundred years ago, in Chê-Kiong Province, there lived a poor widow and her son, Wong Ziang. The father had died when Wong-Ziang was a baby, and the time came when they had only their little home left and not even one piece of silver to buy food with.

So the mother went to many places daily and asked food for herself and child. For seven long years, every day in the cold rain or in the sunshine, this poor widow begged food and kept herself and child from starving.

She was a good woman and never complained even to the heavens, and in her heart she said many times, "No mother should be sorrowful when she has a good son. My boy is true without being taught. Many mothers have sons, but they are not as this one."

When Wong-Ziang was fourteen years old, he said to his mother, "Ah Ma, I will seek work and we will have food. You must rest now."

In the morning early he went to the market place and asked work of many people. At midday, when the laborers left the market place, they said, "You are too young to work here."

As he was hungry, he went to a merchant's house and

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asked food; and because he was a gentle boy and pleaded so earnestly, the merchant told his cook to give him food. Wong-Ziang would not eat the food, but took it home to his mother.

Ninety times Wong-Ziang left home at sunrise. He sought work all day, and every night he took food home to his mother and comforted her with, "I soon will find work, Ah Ma. One man says he will want me soon; or, a man told me of yet another place to seek work," and in many other ways he comforted his mother.

When he gave her the food he brought, she would say, "You eat, too." But he would always answer, "I have had mine; you eat first." And when she had finished eating, he would eat of what was left.

One time Wong-Ziang's mother fell sick. He said, "I will go for the doctor." But his mother said, "I have no silver. Wait and you will soon have work. I think I shall be well then."

But Wong-Ziang ran to the city of Nim-Chu and asked the doctor to come to his mother. He said to him as they went to his mother's house:

"My mother did not get up at sunrise. She is weak and sick and can not eat food. She does not want a doctor, as we have no silver, but I believe you will wait and, when I get work, I will pay you." The doctor

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said, "I always help the poor when I can, and will not charge you this time."

When they reached the widow's home, the doctor made the examination of the tongue, the eyes, and the pulse. He then said, "She is very weak. I will leave medicine, but it is better that she eat good food that she likes. Twice in five days, she should have a carp fish boiled in rice wine. But it is winter and the river is frozen. I know not how you will get that fish," and then he went away.

Wong-Ziang gave his mother the medicine, and she asked, "What did the doctor say about me?"

"He said you needed a carp fish cooked in rice wine so that you may be strong," answered Wong-Ziang. "It is very easy for me to find one. I am going now to the river."

But the mother said, "Not now, my son. Wait until spring. The river is covered with ice."

"I will see," said Wong-Ziang; and he put on his fishing clothes.[1]

His mother said, "I fear you will die, if you go into the water."

"I will see first if there are any fish," said he.

[1] In China the country boys go in the water to fish with hand nets and become experts in diving and swimming under water. The hand nets are about two feet wide and three feet long.

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When Wong-Ziang reached the river, he saw it was covered with ice. He made a great hole in the ice and went in, and after swimming and diving for some time, he caught a fish for his mother.

But his breath almost left him in the cold water, and when he came out, he could not stand on the ice.

He fell down, and his clothes froze to the ice with the net and the fish he had caught.

"He is gone a long time," thought his mother. She called a servant girl who was passing, and said, "Ah Moi, will you go down to the River Ching-Ki, and see if my boy is there?"

Ah Moi went and saw the boy and the fish in the net lying frozen on the ice together.

She called, "Wong-Ziang," but when no answer came back to her, she thought, "He is dead," and ran in fear. But she met a farmer who was riding a cow and she told him, "Wong-Ziang is dead on the ice." The farmer left his cow and went with her to see.

The farmer took off his own coat and wrapped it around the boy. He carried him in his arms and said to the servant, "I think he is not dead. Take the fish and net at once to Wong-Ziang's mother."

In an hour Wong-Ziang came to life again. He arose

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and cooked the fish for his mother. And in fifteen days she was well.

* * * * * * * *

Soon after this, Wong-Ziang was given work in the next village as cook for a rich professor who had many pupils.

One day he went to the wilderness to cut wood. His mother knew that her boy worked hard, and so she went with him to help and they worked until sunset.

Suddenly a small tiger came out of the forest towards the mother, and from fear she became as one dead. Wong-Ziang screamed and made a great noise. He threw his clothes at the beast and it ran away. Then he carried his mother home, and the neighbors who had watched him all his life said, "Wong-Ziang will become a Hsao-Tsze if he is always like this."

Wong-Ziang had seen twenty-one years when his mother died, and he had never left her for one day in all his life. He was liked by his teachers, schoolmates, and neighbors, for they said, "We can learn a great lesson from Wong-Ziang who has loved and honored his mother perfectly."

While his mother was living, Wong-Ziang worked for her and spent little time or money in study; but after she died, he studied hard. When his work in

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the professor's kitchen was done each day, he always sat outside the schoolroom door where he heard the teacher giving lessons to his pupils.[1]

For seven years he studied in this way before the teacher, Liao-Tsai, knew; but one day he found out what Wong-Ziang had been doing. In time he came to love him as his own son and he asked him, "Would you like to be my Chi-tsze (son by adoption)?"

And Wong-Ziang said, "I would, but I am poor and unlearned, and you are rich and honored. It could not be."

But his teacher said, "I want you in my school. I have had many pupils, but none that have worked and learned as you have. I have known many sons, but none of them served and honored his parents so faithfully. Think about this two or three days and then give me your answer."

After three days Wong-Ziang decided: and he came to Liao-Tsai, his teacher, and, kneeling down before him, he bowed his head low. And after this time he was as the professor's own son.

In sixteen years, Wong-Ziang graduated from the great University with highest honors. He had studied

[1] Pupils. Chinese school children in small country places sit at a long table to study. Sometimes there are from forty to sixty at one table.

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all the books of the Chinese schools and was now a Han-Ling (Ph.D.).

He served his nation and emperor wisely and had a high state position for more than twenty years. The people called him Zien-Zan before the emperor. But when he came home to his native province where people had known his deeds all his life, they bowed their heads low in affection, and called him, "Hsao-Tsze."

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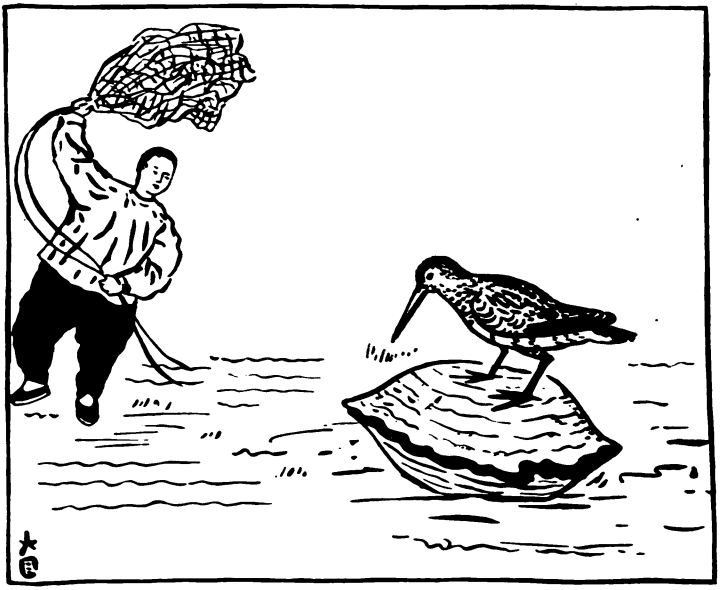
THE HUNTER, THE SNIPE, AND THE BIVALVE

獵者獨得



YUNG-MOI was one of the very wise men of China. He had lived in the mountains and studied the books of Confucius for twenty years, and afterwards he taught others.

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He taught school for ten years, and because of his wisdom had many pupils—over two thousand in all. He was now sixty years old and greatly respected by many people.

One day he thought he would give a party for his scholars. So he sent them all word and asked that each one repeat a story at the party.

After he had invited his guests, he thought, "I, too, must have a story ready for to-morrow night. What shall it be?" And he walked down to the river, thinking.

There he saw two creatures in the edge of the river fighting. One was the great bivalve;[1] the other was a snipe that had been hunting for fish in the river.

They fought long and hard, until a hunter with a gun and net passed by and saw them. He made no noise and came close, close, but they were so busy trying to kill each other that they could not see him. So he caught them both and took them home in his net.

Yung-Moi, the wise teacher, thought deeply and said to himself, "There is meaning in all this," and he walked slowly back to his schoolroom.

[1] A huge oyster about three feet square and weighing twenty pounds, which is said to have existed at that time (about one thousand years ago), but is now extinct.

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He sat down at his desk and thought, and he stirred the ink in his ink-dish, not knowing what he did.

Then he wrote this story and said: "In my mind this is a strange thing. The snipe is a fine creature in the air. He has two wings and has great power to do for himself.

"Small fishes swim in the water and the snipe can take any one he wants, but he can not live in the home of the bivalve, or try to take life away from him without perishing himself.

"If he had power to go under the water and live, there would be no small fishes in the river, and if he were big, like the eagle or bear, there would soon be no fishes in the world. I am glad the Creator made him a small creature and not too powerful.

"The bivalve—he has great power to live under the water. Small swimming things can not escape if they pass by his door, but if he could move about like other fishes with his great power and his appetite for many fish, I think the mother of all fishes could not make enough for his greedy mouth, for now he opens his doors all day long and takes in the creatures that swim by.

"I had fish from the river last night for my evening meal, but I think they never passed the bivalve's house or he would have had them for his supper.

"When the bivalve and snipe fought together, each

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one thought, 'I have great power; I want what you have, and I will kill you and get it for myself.'

"The snipe saw the bivalve's door open and he thought, 'What nice white meat; I will have it,' and he picked at it. The bivalve shut his doors tight and held the snipe so that he could not get away.

"And they fought; each one trying to kill the other, until the hunter came and caught them both. Then the hunter took the snipe and the bivalve home and said to his wife, 'We will have a good supper to-night.' And his wife looked and was very glad to have two such savory things at one time. The hunter said, 'Cook the bivalve well done, and we will put some Tung-Ku [1] and Cho-Chen-Cho[2] with it. Save the shells and put them away carefully to dry, and I will sell them to the man who makes furniture, for inlaying his tables.

" 'The pearls that were in this bivalve will bring me much silver from the jeweler. I will ask my mother to come here for supper. The bivalve is enough for us all, and my mother will be glad. She has never before eaten of a bivalve.

" 'The snipe, I will not kill. I will keep him to show to my son and nephew. Give him rice to eat and some

[1] A Chinese sauce.

[2] A Chinese mushroom which grows in the forests. It is very rare and much larger than the ordinary variety.

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water to drink, and keep him in the cage. To-morrow I will give him some fish and in a few days I will take him to the school teacher. Then, when I train him to sing, I will take him to the market place and sell him for much silver.'"

At the party on the evening of the next day, all the pupils told stories. At last the teacher repeated the story of the fight between the swimming and flying creatures.

"Now, I will ask you a question," he said to the pupils. "If the snipe flies in the air, can man catch him? And if the bivalve stays under the cave in the river, can man injure him?"

And the pupils all said, "No, teacher."

"Well, it was sad that the snipe and the bivalve were caught yesterday. Can you tell me why?"

"We do not know," said the scholars.

And the teacher said, "They are happy and powerful creatures when they do no harm to each other. The snipe flies in the air, the bivalve swims in his home, the sea, and each has happiness according to his kind.

"Now you see these two creatures fought together, the snipe and the bivalve, and they did not succeed by fighting. The hunter is the only one that succeeded.

"It is so with the three nations now at war. They

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are like the hunter, the snipe, and the bivalve. They ought to live in peace. They are lost when they fight among themselves."

Then Yung-Moi drew a picture of the warring countries for his pupils.

(YOT) ONE (YEE) TWO (SARM) THREE[1]

"One and Three represent two nations at war with each other. One asks Two's permission to pass an army through his country that he may fight Three. While the army of One is away from home, the people get in a fight among themselves and civil war follows. Number Two takes advantage of the situation and in the absence of Number One's army (who is trying to overpower Three), conquers Number One easily. Number Two then owns the nations One and Two, and with this added strength goes to the land of Number Three and conquers him, so that all three countries now belong to Number Two."

[1] Yot, yee, sarm are Canton dialect words for one, two, three.

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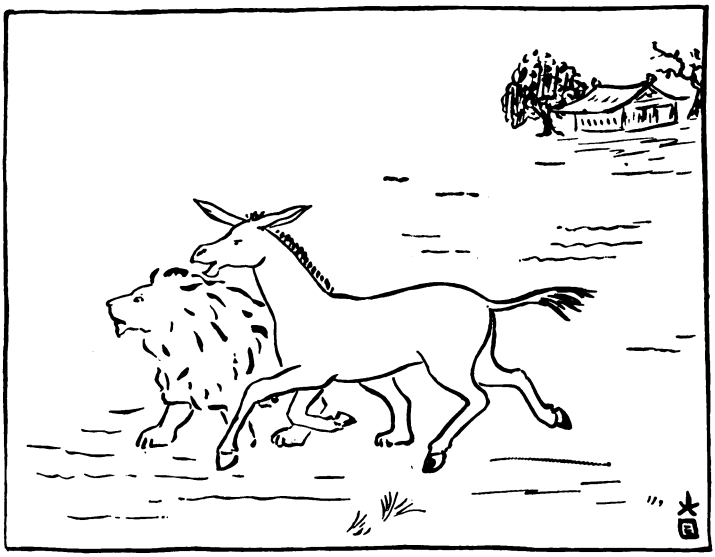
THE MULE AND THE LION

(LII-TSZE AND SII-TSZE)

騾獅訪猪



ONE night the lion was very hungry, but as the creatures of the wilderness knew and feared him even from afar, he could not find food. So he went to visit the young mule that lived near the farmer's house, and when

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he saw her he smiled blandly and asked, "What do you eat, fair Lii, to make you so sleek and fat? What makes your hair so smooth and beautiful? I think your master gives you tender fresh grass and fat young pig to eat."

The mule answered, "No, I am fat because I am gentle. My hair is beautiful because I do not fight with other creatures. But why do you come here, Sii? Are you hungry? I believe you are seeking for food."

The lion said, "Oh, no, I am not hungry. I only walk around to get the cool, fresh air. And then the night is very beautiful. The moon hangs up in the clear sky with the stars and makes a soft light, and so I came to visit you. Would you not like to take a walk with me? I will take you to visit my friend, the pig. I never go to his house alone; I always take a friend with me."

The mule asked, "Shall we go to any other place?"

"Yes," answered the lion, "I think we will go to visit another friend of mine who lives not far away."

Then the mule asked his mother, "Will you allow me to go with Sii to see his friend?"

"Who is his friend?" asked the mother.

"The farmer's pig," said the mule.

"I think it is no harm if you go only there," said the mother mule. "But you must not go anywhere else

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with Sii. The hunter is looking for him, I hear, and you must be careful. Do not trust him fully, for I fear he will tempt you to go to some other place or into some wrong thing. If I allow you to go, you must come home before midnight. The moon will not be gone then and you can see to find your way."

So the lion and the mule went to visit the pig who lived in a house in the farmer's yard. But as soon as the pig saw the lion, he called out in a loud voice to his mother.

The lion said, "He is afraid of me. I will hide and you may go in first."

When the pig saw that the mule was alone, he thought the lion had gone. He opened his door wide and was very friendly to the mule, saying, "Come in."

But the lion jumped from his hiding place and caught the pig as he came to the door. The pig called to his mother in great fear. And the mule begged the lion, saying, "Let the poor little creature go free."

But the lion said, "No, indeed, I have many pigs at my house. It is better for him to go with me."

Then the lion carried the pig, while the mule followed. Soon they came to where a fine looking dog lay on some hay behind a net. The lion did not seem to see the net, for he dropped the pig and tried to catch the dog who cried loudly for mercy.

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But the lion said to the foolish mule, "See how rude the dog is to us. We came to visit him and he makes a loud noise and tries to call the hunter so that he will drive us away. I have never been so insulted. Come here, Lii-Tsze, at once and help me!"

The mule went to the lion and the net fell and caught them both. At sunrise the hunter came and found the mule and the lion in his net. The mule begged earnestly and said, "Hunter, you know me and you know my mother. We are your friends and we do no wrong. Set me free, oh hunter, set me free!"

The hunter said, "No, I will not set you free. You may be good, but you are in bad company and must take what it brings. I will take you and the lion both to the market place and sell you for silver. That is my right. I am a hunter. If you get in my net, that is your business. If I catch you, that is my business.

EE-SZE (Meaning): Bad company is a dangerous thing for man or beast.

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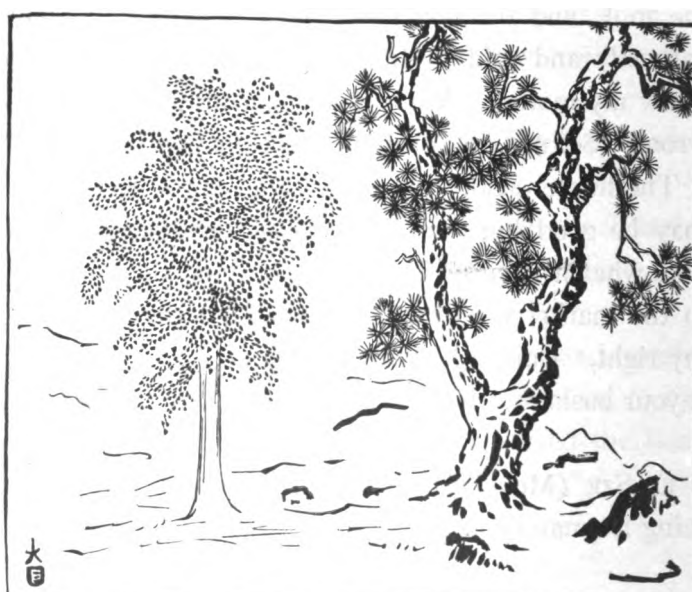
THE FA-NIEN-TS'ING AND THE MÖN-TIEN-SING

滿天星不如萬年青



CONFUCIUS had labored teaching the people righteousness for many forgotten moons. One day he said to himself:

"I have taught many years and I will now rest a

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while." He thought for a few days and said, "Where shall I go to find rest?" Then he spoke to Tsze-Lu, Yen-Yuen, and Tsze-Kong, his faithful pupils, saying, "I have been thinking that I would now rest for three moons and visit the Tai-San Mountain, but I do not wish to go alone. I should like you to go with me. Where on the mountain is the best place, do you think?"

"On the southwest side where the sun shines warm and the wind does not blow cold," answered Tsze-Kong. And Tsze-Lu, Tsze-Kong, and Yen-Yuen went to their own rooms and planned the journey.

After ten days Confucius and his pupils went to the Tai-San Mountain to rest for the three moons; but even there his pupils studied, for they took their books with them.

As Confucius walked on the Tai-San Mountain he said, "How great and beautiful are the things made by the Creator; even the trees, bushes, and flowers are beyond man's understanding." Then he went to the temple and saw the images of honored men, and when he looked at the face of Dai-Yee, the Just, he said, "You are very great. We remember and honor you, and other generations yet to come will remember and honor you."

When he had walked another half-mile, he grew tired

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and sat down under the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing tree, and soon he slept.

Suddenly he heard a noise. He awoke thinking his pupils had come, but seeing no man he lay down again to sleep. Once more he heard the same noise, and looking upward he saw the Mön-Tien-Sing and the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing trees looking into each other's faces; but they were not happy. The Mön-Tien-Sing's face was distorted with anger, and in great wrath she said to the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing, "If I were the Creator, I would not allow you to live. A year and a year passes by and you do not grow. You eat much food and you have more earth than I, and still you do not grow. I never heard that you did any good thing since you were born, and it is said you have lived here five hundred years. Your branches are crooked and your bark is rough.

"You are not even good to look upon. Do you think the children of men care for you? No, for you have neither flowers nor fruit. If people sit under your shade when the wind blows hard, I should think your sharp, ugly leaves would fall on them and stick them.

"It is a strange thing that the woodcutter does not chop you down—useless thing. If I were the Creator, I would not allow the sun to shine on you, nor would I

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give you rain to drink. I would cause the wind to blow hard until you fell down dead.

"You see I have the sweetest of flowers and the people all like me. One day two women passed by here and one of them said, 'Mön-Tien-Sing, how I wish that I might take you with me. You are so beautiful, but I fear you do not like me. Three times I have gathered your flowers for my hair, but I was careless and passed by a bush and it did but touch them when their lovely petals all fell to the earth. I wish that I might take you to my garden, and that you would grow there and open your beautiful flowers every third moon forever.'

"My name is Mön-Tien-Sing which means Flowers-every-three-moons. If you do not know another meaning it has, I will tell you.

"When you look in the sky on a summer night do you know how many stars are there? Even man can not count a clear sky filled with shining stars. I am Mön-Tien-Sing. Mön means full; Tien means heaven; and Sing means stars:—'sky filled with stars'—that is my name. I grow very fast. Every three moons I bear a thousand and a thousand flowers. I do not need servants to care for me, for I grow everywhere. Even the chickens and birds like me. They come to me and eat my seeds and grow fat.

"If I were the Creator, the Mön-Tien-Sing would

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grow everywhere in all the world, and fill the earth with its sweetness, but oh, I wish I could go away from you. I do not like even to see you, and here I must stand always by your side. Your branches are too strong; for when the wind blows, they come close and hurt me and spoil my beautiful flowers. I will pray the Creator to bring a woodcutter and cut you down to-day—useless, evil thing."

The Fa-Nien-Ts'ing did not answer, though he bowed his head in shame. He knew well that he was ugly and that his leaves were sharp and his bark rough, but he said to himself, "I know in my heart that some day, some one will like me, too. For the Creator made me and he surely made me for good. I will keep patient and wait."

In about three moons the cold days came and all things were frozen. The rivers stood still, the flowers were no longer seen, the trees and shrubs threw all their leaves to the ground. But the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing held his head up and smiled bravely, and he kept his leaves and they grew green and green. Then he said to himself, "The cool wind is good for me. The frost does me no harm. I feel better. This is my happy time, for the people like to have green in their houses now. To-day they came to the mountain and they found no other thing that was yet green but my leaves.

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"A young man was about to be married. He could find no flowers. So he took some of my leaves and branches to put in his house. The birds come to me for shelter from the cold wind and snow. They say the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing is a good home for them.

"The winter is cold, cold every day, but I grow greener and greener. The woodcutter comes and stands by my side and says that I keep the cold wind away from him. I know the Creator made me for good."

Then Confucius awoke. He looked up, and he looked down, and he looked all about him. There was no living thing near except the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing and the Mön-Tien-Sing, and he said:

"It was a dream, but surely I heard the Mön-Tien-Sing trying to quarrel with the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing. I know that the things of the world have deep meaning, and this is my lesson: I would not be as the Mön-Tien-Sing, but I wish to be like the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing."

He arose and laid his hand gently on the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing and said, "The time is long that you stand here, patient one. The cold heart of winter does not change your nature more than it does that of birds, beasts, men, or even your enemy, the Mön-Tien-Sing.

"The cold weather makes you better, for you grow

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green as the springtime, and there is no other tree, bush, or flower which can do this. When the frost of winter comes, where are the flowers, where are the leaves, where are all the growing things of beauty? Where is the grass, where is the green of the field? They are gone. The first cold wintry wind of adversity takes them one by one, but you alone can withstand sorrow and grow even more beautiful.

"Your life is a lesson to me. I am serving the king and serving the people, but there are few who like me now. Three kings have tried to kill me, though my doctrine is to serve the world and help every one.

"But kings will not listen to my teaching, and my brothers try to drive me away, as the Mön-Tien-Sing wished to drive away the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing. For four days I went without food, and many were the enemies around and against me at that time when the king banished me. But I know that it is my duty to live and teach in the world, although it is winter for me and the cold winds of adversity blow and the hearts of my people seem hard and cold like rocks of ice. I hope I will be as the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing, and stand firmly on the mountain of righteousness forever, that I, Confucius, may do good to a wintry world.

"I would not be as the Mön-Tien-Sing. It is covered in the morning with the flowers of beauty which

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it drops before the evening. It is beautiful, for an hour, but is frail beyond all of its kind. It bears no fruit and its flowers last but a day, while the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing is strong of heart and mind, though a world is against him."

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THE BODY THAT DESERTED THE STOMACH

身不願養胃

MAN'S body is a perfect and wonderful thing. His hands are strong to do; his feet are strong to walk; his nose judges whether things are good to eat; his ears hear clearly; his eyes help him to see all the things of the world and to study books; his brain can think great

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thoughts. And so we call the body of man a *perfect* thing.

But one day the different parts of man's body quarreled among themselves about the work. Many complaints were brought against the stomach. The hands and feet said, "We work all day and yet we are nothing. Do you know whom we work for?"

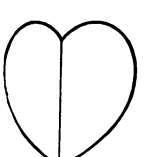
The eyes said, "We find many chickens, fish, eggs, and much rice and tea for the stomach. He takes all and does no work for it. He does not even think. And though he never does anything for us, we are always working for him."

Then they all agreed to refuse to work longer for the stomach. They said, "To-morrow we will tell the heart and have him judge [1] who is to be blamed."

So the next day the tongue told the brain about it, and the brain said, "I will see the judge to-night."

When the heart heard the story he said, "Yes, you are right. If all of you lie down and refuse to help the stomach; if you do not give him any rice or meat for food, or any tea for drink, he will learn then that he can not live without you."

[1] The Chinese picture the heart thus, with two sides: To the larger side, everything is brought by the brain for the heart-judge, or conscience, to pass judgment on. If he pronounces the thought or feeling worthy, it goes into the memory, where it stays; otherwise it is rejected.



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In a little time the stomach wanted food and said to the hands, "Give me a piece of fish, some rice, and a cup of tea." The hands were quiet and said nothing.

Then the stomach said to the feet, "Will you go out and have Men-Yen bring me a bowl of chop-suey-meen?[1] I am hungry."

The feet answered, "No, sir, we will not work for you any more." And they lay down.

The stomach cried for food, but all said, "We do not care; we will not work for him."

After a while the eyes found they could not see well; and in the theater hall next door the drums drummed hard, but the ears could not hear. The heart-judge said, "How is it now with the stomach?" The brain answered, "We are not working for him, nor helping him any more, and I believe he is going to die. I fear that I, too, will die and that all the others will die. I do not believe we have done right in deserting the stomach. Do you not think it best to tell the feet to go out and bring the stomach some chop-suey-meen? If he had that, he might help us again. We shall all surely die unless we have his aid."

But the unwise judge said, "Let him get his own food; let him do his work for himself."

"He can not do that," said the brain. "He lives in

[1] Canton dialect.

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a place with great walls around him, so he can not get out. The hands and the feet have always brought his food to him."

The judge said, "Has he spoken about it to-day?"

And the brain answered, "No."

So they agreed to leave the stomach to himself one day longer.

But that night they were all found dead together, for they could not live without each other.

This fable was told by the Chinese general, Tsii, to the Chinese emperor, about twelve hundred years ago. The emperor had been angry at a province of his own people and wished to send this general, with soldiers, to kill them. But the general would not go, and in his argument with the emperor he used this fable to illustrate his reasons for objection and to show the necessity of each part to all. This fable was translated into Japanese in 1891 and the Japanese have added the following Ee-sze (meaning):

The stomach means the emperor. The hands, eyes, feet, all parts of the body, represent the people. Again, the stomach is like a mother, the other parts being the children.

So each one of the people must do something for his

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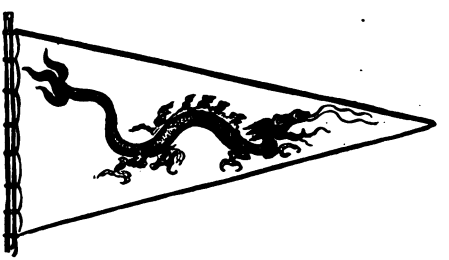
nation and Emperor. Each child must do something for the family and the mother. These things must be, if the nation is to be powerful, or if the family is to be strong and united.



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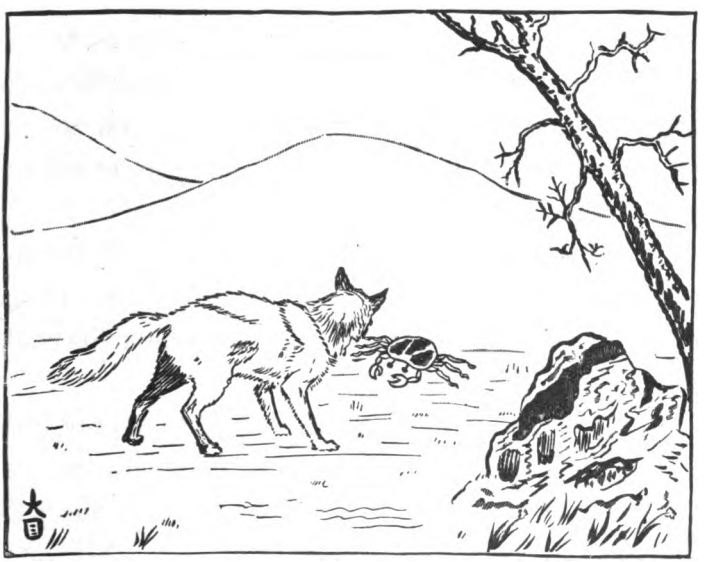
THE PROUD FOX AND THE CRAB

傲狐辱蟹



One day a fox said to a crab, "Crawling thing, did you ever run in all your life?"

"Yes," said the crab, "I run very often from the mud to the grass and back to the river."

"Oh, shame," said the fox, "that is no distance to run. How many feet and legs have you? I have only

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four. Why, if I had as many feet as you have, I would run at least six times as fast as you do. Did you know that you are really a very slow, stupid creature? Though I have only four feet I run ten times as far as you do. I never heard of any one with so many feet as you have, running so slowly."

The crab said, "Would you like to run a race with a stupid creature like me? I will try to run as fast as you. I know I am small, so suppose we go to the scales and see how much heavier you are. As you are ten times larger than I, of course you will have to run ten times faster.

"Another reason why you can run so fast is because you have such a fine tail and hold it so high. If you would allow me to put it down, I do not think you could run any faster than I."

"Oh, very well," said the fox, contemptuously, "do as you like, and still the race will be so easy for me that I will not even need to try. Your many legs and your stupid head do not go very well together. Now, if I had my sense and all of your legs, no creature in the forest could outrun me. As it is, there are none that can outwit me. I am known as the sharp-witted. Even man says, 'Qui-kwat-wui-lai' (sly as a fox). So do what you will, stupid one."

"If you will let me tie your beautiful tail down so

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it will stay," said the crab, "I am sure I can win the race."

"Oh, no, you can not," said the fox. "But I will prove to even your stupid, slow brain that it will make no difference. Now, how do you wish that I should hold my tail?"

Said the crab, "If you will allow me to hang something on your tail to hold it down, I am sure you can not run faster than I."

"Do as you like," said the fox.

"Allow me to come nearer," said the crab, "and when I have it fastened to your tail, I will say 'Ready!' Then you are to start."

So the crab crawled behind and caught the fox's tail with his pincers and said, "Ready!" The fox ran and ran until he was tired. And when he stopped, there was the crab beside him.

"Where are you now?" said the crab. "I thought you were to run ten times faster than I. You are not even ahead of me with all your boasting."

The fox, panting for breath, hung his head in shame and went away where he might never see the crab again.

EE-SZE (Meaning): A big, proud, boastful mouth is a worse thing for a man than it is for a fox.

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A LITTLE CHINESE ROSE

小梅女

ONE day Mai-Qwai (Little Rose) ran home angry to her mother saying, "Mü-Tsing, I do not want my name to be Rose any longer. I was in Dun-Qure's garden just now, and she asked me, 'Which flower do you like best of all in our garden?' and I said I liked my name-flower best.

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"Then they all laughed and said, 'We do not. Do you not see the thorns on the roses? When we pass near we tear our dresses. When we touch them the blood flows from our hands. No, we do not like the roses. The baby cow does not like them either. They stick her nose when she tries to eat, and even mother can not pick them without scissors. Once when she had a large bunch of roses, little sister tried to get one and it stuck her hands and face so that she cried many hours. Other flowers do not make trouble like that, and we do not see why any one likes the rose best. We think it very foolish to like a trouble flower and be named for it.'

"I do not like my name-flower any more, Mü-Tsing, and I do not want to bear its name."

"Do not cry, dear child," said her mother, "and I will tell you some things about the rose. Do you like rose sugar?" [1]

"Yes, very much," Rose answered, her face growing bright.

"And rose oil?"

"Oh, yes, Mü-Tsing."

"I thought you did not like the rose. So you ought not to like the good things it makes."

"But, Mü-Tsing, tell me why did the rose god make

[1] A choice Chinese candy.

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the rose grow with so many thorns? Other flowers are not like that."

"Listen, dear child. If the rose tree were like other trees and still had its beautiful flowers, I think we should never have any for ourselves. They would be too easily gathered. The rose god was very wise and put thorns all around his beautiful flower. When he made it, he gave it an odor so sweet that all the gods stopped working on the day it was finished. The thorns mean, Honor the rose which grows forever. The cows can not touch it, and the pigs never go near it, and careless children or wasteful people can not destroy it. Do you see, dear, why the rose must have thorns?"

The next morning Rose found in her room a beautiful new rose pillow made of the sweet-smelling petals. When she laid her head on this fragrant pillow she said, "Mü-Tsing, I do not wish to change my name."

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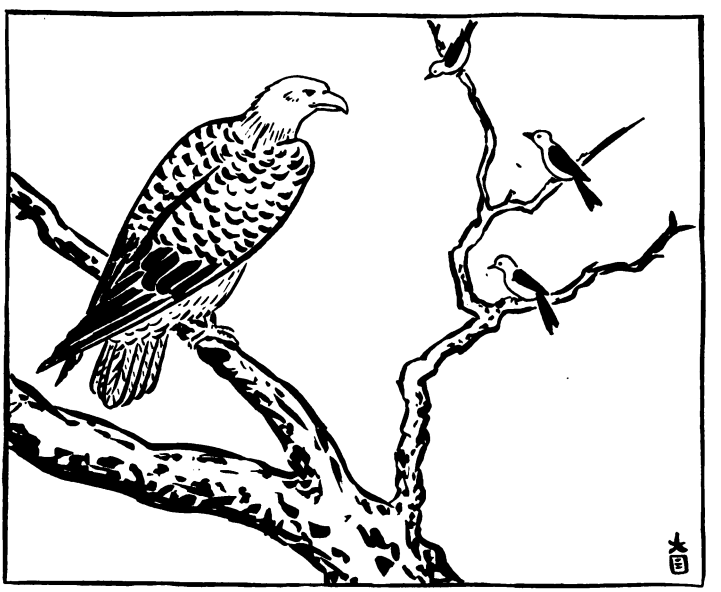
THE EAGLE AND THE RICE BIRDS

物必歸原



ONCE a mother eagle had a nest with three eggs in it and she was very happy while waiting for her three children to come from the eggs. But one day, two schoolboys, named Jeung-Po and Hui-Yin, who knew of her nest, talked together and one of them said,

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"Did you know that the eagle likes the rice birds?" And the other boy replied, "No, she does not, for I have seen her drive them away."

But the one named Jeung-Po said, "Not only can I make an eagle like a rice bird, but I can make them change natures and live with each other."

"You can not do that," answered Hui-Yin.

"Will you give me a piece of silver if I can make the eagle like the rice birds and take them as friends?"

And Hui-Yin said, "Yes, I will give you a piece of silver if you do that, but I know you can not." And so they clapped hands.[1]

So Jeung-Po went his way hunting, hunting many birds, until finally he found a rice bird's nest with five eggs in it. He took three of the eggs and put them in the mother eagle's nest and then he took the three eggs from the eagle's nest to the nest of the rice bird.

In twenty-five days the eagle's nest had three baby birds in it and Jeung-Po was glad. One day he heard the mother eagle saying to her three babies:

"I do not know why your feathers are not as mine, and your voices are so different and you are such very little things. I will go and ask my oldest son to come

[1] This is similar to the Occidental custom of shaking hands on an agreement.

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here to-morrow, and see if he can tell me why you are so."

On the next day the eagle's son came to visit his mother, and he said, "Ah-Ma, I am glad to see my three little brothers, but their faces are not like yours or mine."

"I know that what you say is true," said the eagle mother. "I wished you to come, so that we might talk of this strange thing. You are my child, and they are mine, but they are not like you and me."

"I will see what they eat," said the eagle son. Then he gave them a piece of meat, but they could not eat it.

"They want rice all the time," the eagle mother told him. "They will not eat meat." The mystery was so great that the eagles could not understand.

Soon the strange nestlings were flying with the eagle mother. One day she took them to a pleasant place to play, and on their way home they passed a rice bird who called to them. The mother eagle said, "Do not go with him. Come with me." But the little ones would not listen. And when the rice bird said, "Chi-Chi," and flew down to a rice field, the three little ones left the eagle mother and went with the rice bird.

The eagle mother called many times, but her strange children would not come to her. Then she said to the

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rice bird, "Why did my children follow your call and not mine? How did you teach them in one breath what I have not been able to teach them in all their lives?"

And the rice-bird father said, "They are not your children. They belong to the rice-bird mother. She is coming now; see for yourself."

Soon sixteen rice birds flew near and the eagle mother saw that they were all like her children. The rice bird said, "You see, it is as I told you."

"But they must be my children," said the eagle mother. "I can not understand this, for I never had children like them before. My other children were like me and they never behaved in this way. But I will take them home again and feed them, and when they grow older they may become like me and the others of my family."

"It will never be so," said the rice bird. "I am sure of that. You need not hope that these children will ever be eagles. You see they do not eat meat, they eat rice. They know the rice bird's call without being taught. They do not speak the same dialect that you speak, nor sing the same songs. They are surely rice birds and you can not keep them longer in your home."

The eagle mother tried again and again to call her children and they only said, "Chic, chic," which meant

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that they would not come. She waited long, but they refused to go with her. Then she chided the rice birds and said, "You are a bad company, and you have tempted my children to join you. Why do you not tell them to come home with me, their mother? If you do not cease your evil actions, I shall eat you or drive you away."

The eagle mother flew away alone to the mountain, and she sat on a great rock and waited long for her children to come home.

The night came, but her little ones did not return. In her heart the eagle mother knew they were lost to her. All the dark night she cried aloud in her grief. In the morning she hunted long, but she could not find them. She said to herself:

"This is a strange and dreadful thing that has come to me. I remember that I once heard a quarrel-bird say that some of her children had left her in this same way, and she believed some bad boy had changed her eggs. For she had six yellow children in her nest, and when they could fly they went away with the yellow song birds. She found her own children one day in a camphor tree. I wish that I might find my own children."

Just then she met the quarrel-bird mother, and she asked her, "How did you find your own children?"

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And the quarrel-bird mother said, "I was passing by the camphor tree when I saw the little ones alone, and I asked, 'What are you doing here?' And they said, 'Eating nuts!'

" 'Do you like nuts?' I asked.

" 'Oh yes, very well.'

" 'Where did you come from?' I said.

" 'We came from the yellow-bird family.'

" 'But you do not look like the yellow birds.'

" 'No, and we did not talk nor eat as they did.'

" 'Where is your home now?'

" 'We have no home.'

" 'Why do you not live with the yellow-bird mother?'

" 'We were not happy there. The others do not eat nor drink, nor sing as we do. We are not fond of them, nor they of us.'

" 'You are like me and mine,' I told them. And we looked at each other and saw the same feathers and the same color. Then they asked me where my home was and I told them under a rock of the Wu-Toa Mountain. So they went with me, and my house and my food were pleasant to them. In some way—though we could not tell how—we knew in our hearts that we belonged to each other. And we were happy, happy."

The eagle mother thought long about the story of the quarrel-bird, and the next morning she left her nest

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early and went to the wilderness to seek her lost children. On the way, she met a cousin eagle who asked her, "Why are you crying and crying?"

The eagle mother answered and said, "I have lost three children. Have you seen any—lost in the wilderness? I could not sleep all last night, for a great trouble has come to me."

The eagle cousin said, "I saw three eagle children pass here. They went to the Fah-Nim tree and ate of its fruit. They were playing there, and seemed to be happy."

The eagle mother went to the Fah-Nim tree and saw three little eagles; and she said, "Children, how did you come here?"

The little eagles answered her, "We are not your children. Why do you call us? We have had no mother since we were born. The rice bird left us when we were small. She said we were not her children. Then an eagle came along and gave us food until we could fly."

The eagle mother said, "You look like my older children, and I believe you are mine. Would you like to go with me and see our home?"

Then the little eagles talked together and said, "She is very kind to us. Of course we do not know her, but we might go and see her home."

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So they went, and in that eagle mother's house, they soon knew her for their mother and she knew her own children.

And Jeung-Po lost the money, for it was proved that he could not change nature. Each bird went back to its own kind. The eagle is always an eagle, and the rice bird is always a rice bird.

EE-SZE (Meaning): The good can not stay with the evil; light can not be changed into darkness, nor darkness into light. White is always white and black is always black. The rice bird is always a rice bird and the eagle is always an eagle. Each is according to his own nature and kind. Man need not try to change those things which the Creator made changeless.

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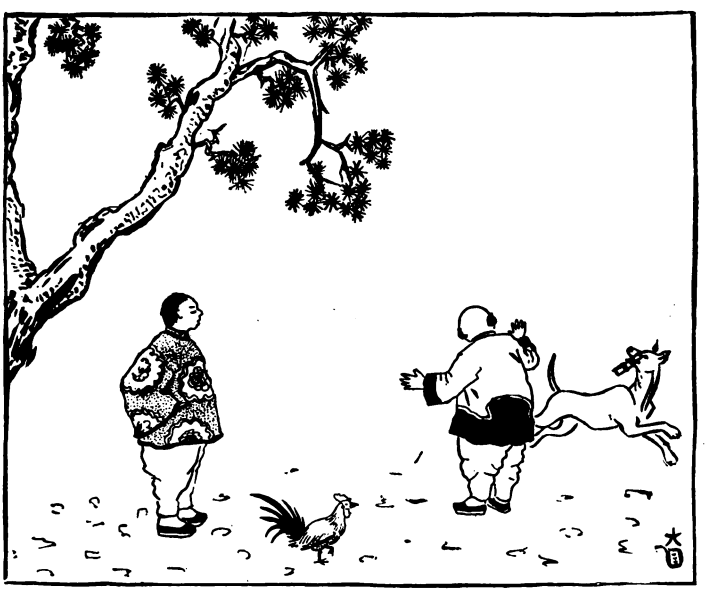
THE CHILDREN AND THE DOG

孩童與犬



Woo-Hsing lived near the market place and all the children thought him a very wonderful man. He trained fine dogs to do almost everything but talk. If one wanted a dog educated, Woo-Hsing was the man to take him to. Whether for hunting, for performing

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tricks in public places or from door to door—anything, all things, Woo-Hsing could teach his dogs. This is why the children thought him a wonderful man.

It came time for Woo-Hsing's little boy to learn how to teach dogs. So one day he brought his son a very young one from the market place. Then he told him how the dog should be taught. It would take three years to teach him all: to play soldier with a gun, to dance, to bow his head, to kneel, to play churn the rice,[1] to swim in water with a boy on his back, or to take a basket and go from door to door and beg rice and money for his master. Even then his training was not complete until he could hunt the fox, the gibbon, the mouse-deer, and other animals.

Woo-Hsing's little boy had been named Yiong-Yueng, which in Chinese means "Forever." The reason for the name was this: Woo-Hsing had been given many sons, but they had all died young, so when the last one came he named him Forever, for he said, "He will then live a long time and I shall not be childless."

Yiong-Yueng called his dog Hsi-Long, which means "for fun." He was a very wise dog and learned so

[1] The Chinese farmers have a rice churn which takes the final husk off the rice. It holds about two bushels and works with treadle very much like our old-fashioned dog churns. It takes the women about half an hour to churn (or thresh) one churnful of rice.

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many tricks in a short time, that he was known and admired by all the boys in the country around.

One day a crowd of children coming home from school met Hsi-Long in the road. They all shouted, "Here is Yiong-Yueng's dog. Now we will have some fun and make him do all his tricks for us."

So one boy said, "Here, Hsi-Long! Come here," but the dog would not even notice him. Then another boy pulled his tail because he would not obey; and Hsi-Long bit the boy's finger and growled, and the boy ran home crying.

Another boy said, "Now see me. I will make him take me on his back for a swim in the water as he takes Yiong-Yueng;" and he caught Hsi-Long roughly and tried to pull him in the water. But the dog pulled his clothes and growled so fiercely that the boys scattered and ran home.

One of the boys, Ah-Gum, told his mother what had happened, and how angry they all were at the dog, who needed a beating, as they thought. "When Yiong-Yueng has visitors, Hsi-Long kneels and bows and does all his tricks for him; why would he not do them for us, Ah-Ma? How can we make him do the tricks for us?"

"Well, my son," said his mother, "you wanted the dog to do many things for you. Have you ever done

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anything for the dog? You are a stranger to him. Did you ever give him anything to eat or drink?

"Try this," continued the mother. "To-morrow, take a bowl of rice, put a little meat and gravy with it, and give it to the dog. Speak kindly to him and pet him. Do this two or three times and he will surely like and trust you. Then he will do for you all he knows how to do.

"You will find people in the world are just the same, my son. Do not expect people to do things for you when you do nothing for them, for that is not right. You must give, if you expect to receive, and it is better to give first."

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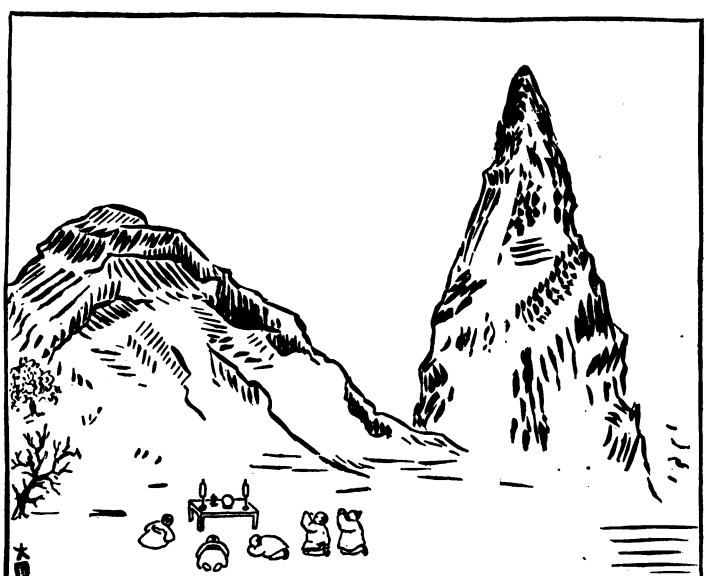
THE TWO MOUNTAINS

兩大山



THE Kwung-Lun Mountain is very high—ten thousand feet or more. Most of the time his head is covered with the clouds and, since he was born, no man has ever found the way to climb where he might look in the face

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of the great Kwung-Lun. And the eagles and the San-Chi [1] birds live always with him.

One day Kwung-Lun spoke to the Tai-San Mountain who lived near, and said, "I am the highest mountain in the world. I am the steepest and most honorable of all the mountains here. The farmers come to me; from the morning until the evening sun they come and cut the great rocks from my base. And from the earliest light, until the darkness gathers about my head, the birds sing for me. I have the San-Chi birds. They wear the most beautiful feather in the world. It shines in the sun and has a different glory for the moon. Man gives more gold for this than for any other feather that is on the earth. The San-Chi is mine. I feed him and he lives always with me.

"Yesterday, a teacher and his scholars came here and I heard him tell them this story about Confucius:—

" 'One day, Confucius was talking to the young King Loa-Bai, and he asked the king, "Have you ever been to the Kwung-Lun Mountain?" And the

[1] San Chí:—A large and beautiful mountain bird with one feather of rarest loveliness. This feather is blue, of a peculiar iridescence, and some of its long, curly fronds are white. The Chinese are superstitious about this feather and think it has healing qualities. They sometimes trap the San-Chi bird and pull its one beautiful feather, letting the bird go free. It is six years, the hunters say, until the lost feather is replaced. The San-Chi is very long lived, and its feathers are greatly valued for fans.

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king answered, "No." Then Confucius showed him a beautiful fan made of feathers from the San-Chi birds. "Did you ever see feathers like these?" he asked.

" ' "I am a king and I have seen many things," said the young king, " but never have I beheld colors of such wondrous beauty. I will give you one thousand pieces of silver if you will bring me a fan like this one."

" 'And Confucius answered, "If I can persuade you to do one thing that I desire greatly I will give you the fan, for I should not like to sell it. I could not well take silver in exchange for it, as it was given to my honored ancestor, my great-great-grandfather. But as I have said, if you will take my advice concerning a certain matter, you shall have the fan."

" ' "I will be advised by you," said the young king. "What do you wish me to do?"

" ' "You are a king[1] of great strength," said Confucius. "You have more soldiers than any other king. But if you were a lion, you would not kill all the other animals in the wilderness to show your great strength. Or, if you were the greatest fish in the waters, you would not swallow all the weaker fish."

[1] At that time several nations were at war, and Confucius went to the king of each nation, trying to persuade him that it was better to be at peace. He went to the young King Loa-Bai first, as his was the strongest of the kingdoms.

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" 'The young king answered, "No, I would not! If I were a lion, I would let all the weaker creatures dance before me in happiness and safety."

" ' "You are a strong, great king," said Confucius. "Other kingdoms are weaker than your own. Their kings do not wish to fight, unless they must. If you will take my advice and will not force them to war for six years, you shall have many gifts from these kingdoms. You shall have this wonderful fan made of the feathers from one hundred and twenty San-Chi birds, and gold and ivory, with beautiful carving; and you shall have gems of many colors and battle-horses and bears' feet.[1] If you will be advised by me, the other nations will give you these things."

" ' "How soon shall I have these things?" the young king asked.

" ' "In one year," Confucius replied, "you shall have them. I must have time to go again to the rulers of these kingdoms."

" 'So the king agreed to do as Confucius desired; and Confucius said, "I now give you my fan, and if in one year it is as I say, the fan is yours. But if you begin warring with any other nation in that time, you must return the gift to me."

" 'Then Confucius went to see the rulers of the

[1] Bears' feet are considered a great delicacy by the Chinese.

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weaker kingdoms, and four gave promises of peace and sent gifts to the young king. But one of the kings would not give tribute, neither would he say when he would begin war.

" 'When a year had almost passed, the young king reported to Confucius, "Four kings only have sent me gifts. Does the other nation wish war, or will its king send me a gift as the others have done?"

" ' "Will you not take my fan as a gift from me, and let the small weak nation go?" said Confucius.

" 'Then the king became very angry. He tore his long robe and said, "I will swallow up the nation that is my enemy. We will have war now."

" ' "The year of your promise is not yet gone," said Confucius. "If you do that, you must return the priceless fan." And the young king gave Confucius his fan and went away.

" 'The king gave his general the order to make ready for war. But in a few hours he repented of what he had done, for he prized the fan of Confucius above all gold or jewels, and he ordered his general to cease preparing for battle. And he further ordered that a Jeh-Shung—good talker—be sent with this message to Confucius.

" ' "I, the king, am sick at heart. I wish you to come to me and bring with you the fan which I prize

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above all gems. I will not battle with the weaker kingdom."

" ' "I have important work and can not come to-day," answered Confucius, "but in one more day I will see the king."

" 'Then the king was very happy again, for his heart was set on possessing the fan.

" 'When the next day came, the king sent the most honorable chair (carried by eight men), and went himself to meet Confucius, who held in his hand the priceless fan, for well he knew the heart of the young king.

" 'And when he drew near, the king could not see Confucius. He saw only the sparkling colors of the fan he so desired. And Confucius said, "I thought you were going to destroy the weaker nation. Why do you wish me to come here?"

" 'Then the king bowed to Confucius and said, "I am in the wrong. I have thought deeply about this, and I will take your advice and keep peace. Now, will you give me the fan?"

" ' "No, you are not to have the fan on the agreement which you broke, for when you sent me away you prepared to make war on the weaker nation," said Confucius.

" 'And the young King fell with his face to the ground and his attendants came to care for him.

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" ' "If you will make a new agreement," said Confucius, "and promise that you will never be the first to go to war, I will give you this fan that you so desire."

" 'The young king made the agreement. And the fan was given him by Confucius. And the king said to himself, "This fan is more than many kingdoms to me. In all the world of man, there is nothing else so beautiful. My heart has desired above all things this wonderful fan of the San-Chi feathers and the rare carving." ' "

* * * * * * * *

When the Kwung-Lun Mountain had told this story to the Tai-San Mountain, he said, "Although I have the San-Chi birds, the most beautiful of all creation, yet it is to me a strange thing that a thousand and a thousand people bow their heads and worship you, while I stand here and am hardly noticed.

"You give no great thing to the people. You have no beauty. You are not tall and grand. Your head is not higher than the clouds. You can not see the dark and secret caves of the thunder, and the hidden places of the beginning of the storm. You never gave feathers, more beautiful even than flowers, to a king. Why do the people worship you instead of me? The hunter

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comes to me and the farmer takes my stones, but they forget me, the giver. Now, tell me truly, why do people love and worship you instead of me?"

And the Tai-San Mountain answered, "I will tell you why. You are very haughty. You are stiff and stony and proud, from your base to your summit. Your nature is not kind. The children can not play in your lap. In the summer time when the people come for the fruit and grain harvest, you give them nothing; and they can not come to you to choose the San-Da. It hurts their feet to walk among your rocks and stones. No one can visit you. You do not welcome them. How can they worship you?

"I am lower and of a gentler nature. The birds come to me to make their nests, and people always gather about me in the summer time. My heart is open and every one knows me well and loves me."

EE-SZE (Meaning): The proud and the gentle live in the world together. But the gentle and loving have happiness that the proud can not understand.

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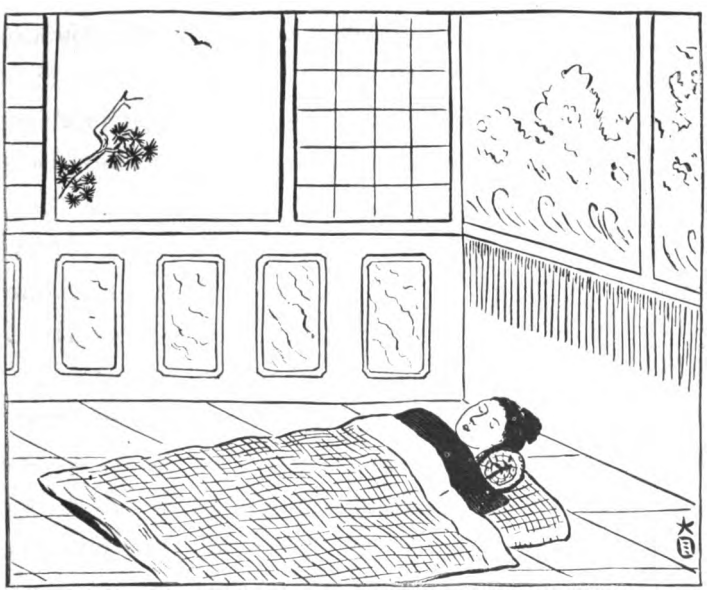
A CHINESE PRODIGAL SON

浪子歸家

I



KONG-HWA'S father and mother were farmers. They had a pleasant home and would have been very happy together, but after Kong-Hwa was four years old, he was a bad, disobedient boy.

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He would not listen to his mother's teachings. She was a good woman and tried by different ways to make him do right. In school he was considered a very bright boy and learned fast, but he would not obey his teacher.

Kong-Hwa was only seven years old when he came home one day with his books. He had run away from school.

As he came into the room where his mother was working, he cried out, "Mü-Ts'ing, why do you do that?"

She was cutting into little bits a fine large piece of cloth that she had woven to make the family clothes of. "Why do you spoil the cloth, mother?"

"Yes, my son, it is true I spoil the cloth. It is now good for nothing. It will not make clothes for your father, clothes for yourself, nor clothes for me. It is wasted, and will not be of use even for dust cloths. It is not good for anything. Do you know why I did that, my boy?"

"No, Mü-Ts'ing, why did you do it?"

"For this reason, my son: I am anxious that you shall be good and study your lessons in school every day, and I hope and hope that after a while you will be a good and wise man and do something for your father, your mother, and your nation. And I also hoped to make your clothes out of this cloth.

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"But your teacher says you run away, go to the see-saw, play in the water, climb trees, throw stones at the little birds all day and will not study.

"You are using your time as I have used the nice new cloth—cutting it up in useless little pieces. I once thought you were a wise child, but you are not. You are very foolish."

Kong-Hwa cried and felt sad, while his mother talked, and then he said, "I will go back to school to-morrow. Now can you mend the cloth or make another piece, Mü-Ts'ing?"

"I will wait and see if you really mean to be a good boy," said his mother.

The next morning he arose early, took his books, and went directly to school; but in a few days he was as bad as before.

The school children and the neighbors complained about the boy who did so much mischief. His mother had only the one little son, and as they came to her with complaints, she felt that she could almost die with grief.

She lay awake all night thinking, "What can I do to teach my boy the good? Who can give a boy lessons if not his own mother? Oh, I must think of some way."

Next morning Kong-Hwa was up at the usual time

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and went into the kitchen for food. But the kitchen was dark; there was no fire, no food.

He said to himself, "It is queer; so late and no breakfast. He went to his mother's room and called, "Mü-Ts'ing;" but there was no answer. He then went close to her bed and touched her, but she did not move.

He then ran to his aunt and told her to go and see—that his mother was surely dead.

She answered, "It may be that the gods have taken her away because you have been such a bad boy. Now will you be a better boy?" And he promised. Then she ran to her sister's home to see if she was dead.

Kong-Hwa stayed outside trembling with fear, while his aunt went in. She soon saw that her sister was not dead and told of the promise of Kong-Hwa.

"Did my boy think I was dead?" asked his mother. "Well, keep him at your house for two or three days and send him to school. Let him think, and think, and he may be a better boy."

Kong-Hwa's aunt told him that if he learned his lessons and obeyed his teacher, it might be the gods would allow his mother to stay with him after all.

While his aunt prepared breakfast for him, he asked many questions. "What did you do with my mother? Will there be a funeral?"

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"Never mind," said the aunt, "go to school and do not be so bad any more, and we shall see what happens. It may be your mother will live again."

II

For two days Kong-Hwa was good—no schoolmate complained, no neighbor complained. He studied his lessons and obeyed his teacher. Then he went again to his mother's house. He saw that she was alive, and in a few days he was again as bad as ever.

"I can not teach him, he must learn things for himself," said his mother; "I do not know what else I can do."

And it was so until he was twelve years old. His mother tried to help him to do right, but it seemed of no use.

Shortly after he was twelve years old, he came home from school one day and said, "Mü-Ts'ing, I want to go to Siang-Sze. I will leave school. No one likes me; no one plays with me. I do not like school and I will not go anymore. I shall be a merchant and make money."

His mother thought he was too young to know what he wanted, and so paid little attention to him. But he insisted, and finally she said, "Go to your father."

His father was surprised and asked, "You wish to

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make money? How can you make money without money? Siang-Sze is a long way off and it will cost you much to go there. Then you will need more to be a merchant."

Kong-Hwa said, "Give me enough to reach Siang-Sze and I will go." He insisted until his father beat him and said, "Now go back to school. I will hear no more of this."

Kong-Hwa was keen and determined. He borrowed money, quietly, a little here and a little there, and then he ran away to Siang-Sze.

For many days his mother tried to find him. She did not think he would go far by himself. Finally she learned that he had gone to Siang-Sze and gave up searching for him.

Nine years had gone by when a man from Siang-Sze told of seeing Kong-Hwa there. His parents wrote to him, but no answer came. Thirteen years passed by and they thought, "We shall never see his face again."

One day Kong-Hwa, who still lived in Siang-Sze, said to a friend, "I must go home now, if I can get money enough. I have learned some life lessons and now I am going."

His friend said, "We have good times in Siang-Sze. Why do you leave?"

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"It is not the place where I ought to be," answered Kong-Hwa. "I have tried many things here and in all the thirteen years have not had success. No one will have me for a bookkeeper. I tried to be a merchandise agent, and in two months I was discharged. I then worked in a bank for forty days, when they paid my salary and told me to go. To-morrow I need money to pay my rent, three months due; but I have no money. I order clothes, and they say, 'No money, no clothes.' I ask friends to lend me some, and they do not even answer me.

"I see now I have been very foolish. I have been here thirteen years and I try to have a good time. I drink, I smoke, I dance, I go to theaters and halls every night—every night. I spend all of my money when I have work. Now I have no work; all my friends have left me; they will not trust me for a piece of silver. I have been very bad. I was a bad boy at home. My mother was good and gave me many lessons which I would not learn.

"Because my mother was so good, I have no excuse for my miserable condition now. I must go home and show her I am sorry at last. I know now that in all the world there is no friend like a mother.

"I will write to her to-morrow and say in my letter, 'Mü-Ts'ing, I am going to leave the opium, theater,

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and dance—all bad things.' I will ask her to send me money to come home, and I will then take my father's place on the farm.

"I will take the oxen and plow the rice fields, plant the corn, and tell my father to rest. I will help my mother so she need not cook nor do any other work. There is no one like father and mother, and no place but my home for me now."

Kong-Hwa wrote the letter and sent it by a friend, telling him to say "good words" for him; for he felt that he deserved nothing after causing his parents so much sorrow.

"Thirteen long years and at last a letter from our dear son," cried Kong-Hwa's mother.

His parents were filled with joy and asked the bearer of the good news all about him. How long would it take for the letter and money that they would send to reach him? Would he come at once?

His mother wrote: "My son, Kong-Hwa, come to our home. We feel that you will do what you say in your letter. The house, the land, and all we have is yours and we will rejoice to have you come and care for them. The time will seem long until you are here."

Kong-Hwa went to his parents as soon as the letter and money came to him. And he was a good man

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from that time and served his parents and made their old age glad. He did everything as he had said he would. He took the oxen and plowed the rice fields. He planted the corn, and he helped his mother in the house, and all were happy.

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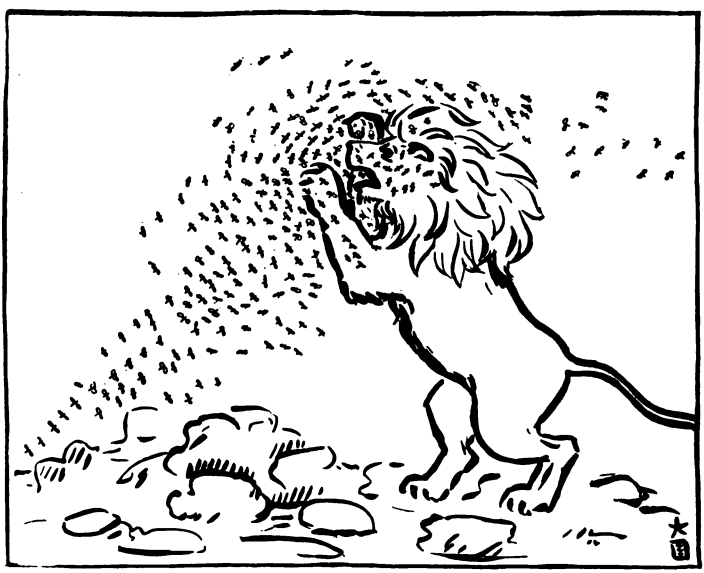
THE LION AND THE MOSQUITOES

獅受蚊敵



One day Ah-Fou's father said to him, "Come here, my boy, and I will tell you a story. Do you remember the great lion we saw one day, which Ah-Kay caught? You know a strong rope held him, and he roared and tried to free himself until he died. Then when Ah-Kay took him from the net, he looked at the rope and the

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bamboo carefully, and found five of the great ropes broken.

"How strong is the lion? Twenty children like you could not break one strand of that great rope. But the lion broke five complete ropes. He is the strongest of all animals. He catches many creatures for his food, but once he lost a battle with one of the least of the wilderness creatures. Do you know what it was?"

"A bird could fight and then fly away. Was it a bird?"

"No, my son."

"A man is stronger than a lion."

"No, do you not remember the woodcutter who could put down five strong men? One night a wilderness lion caught and killed him."

"Then what was the smallest of all creatures of the wilderness that battled with a lion?"

The father said, "I will tell you the story: Once in the summer time the lion was very thirsty. But the sun had taken all the water near the lion's home and he went to many places seeking for it. In time he found an old well, but the water was not fresh. As the lion was very thirsty he said, 'I must drink, even though the water is stale.'

"But when he reached down into the old well, he

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found that it was the home of all the mosquitoes of the wilderness.

"The mosquitoes said to the lion, 'Go away, we do not want you. This is our home and we are happy. We do not wish the lion, the fox, or the bear to come here. You are not our friend. Why do you come?'

"The lion roared and said, 'Weak and foolish things! I am the lion. It is you that should go away, for I have come to drink. This is my wilderness, and I am king. Do you know, weak things, that when I come out from my place and send forth my voice, all the creatures of the wilderness shake like leaves and bow their heads to me? What are you that you should have a place you call your home and tell me that I may or I may not?'

"Then the mosquitoes answered, 'You are only one. You speak as if you were many. Our people had this old well for a home before your roar was heard in the wilderness. And many generations of us have been born here. This home is ours, and we are they that say who shall come or go. And yet you come and tell us to go out of our own door. If you do not leave us, we will call our people, and you shall know trouble.'

"But the lion held his head high with pride and anger and said, 'What are you, oh small of the small? I will kill every one of your useless people. When I drink, I will open my mouth only a little wider, and you shall

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be swallowed like the water. And to-morrow, I shall forget that I drank to-day.'

" 'Boastful one,' said the mosquitoes, 'we do not believe that you have the power to destroy all our people. If you wish battle, we shall see. We know your name is great and that all animals bow their heads before you; but our people can kill you.'

"The lion jumped high in his rage and said, 'No other creature in the wilderness has dared to say these things to me—the king. Have I come to the vile well of the silly mosquitoes for wisdom?' And he held his head high, and gave the mighty roar of battle, and made ready to kill all the mosquitoes.

"Then the mosquitoes, big and little, flew around him. Many went into his ears, and the smallest ones went into his nose, and the big old ones went into his mouth to sting. A thousand and a thousand hung in the air, just over his head and made a great noise, and the lion soon knew that he could not conquer.

"He roared and jumped, and two of his front feet went down into the well. The well was narrow and deep and he could not get out, for his two hind feet were in the air and his head hung downward. And as he died, he said to himself:

" 'My pride and anger have brought me this fate. Had I used gentle words, the mosquitoes might have

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given me water for my thirst. I was wise and strong in the wilderness, and even the greatest of the animals feared my power. But I fought with the mosquitoes and I die—not because I have not strength to overcome, but because of the foolishness of anger.'"

EE-SZE (Meaning): The wise can conquer the foolish. Power is nothing, strength is nothing. The wise, gentle, and careful can always win.

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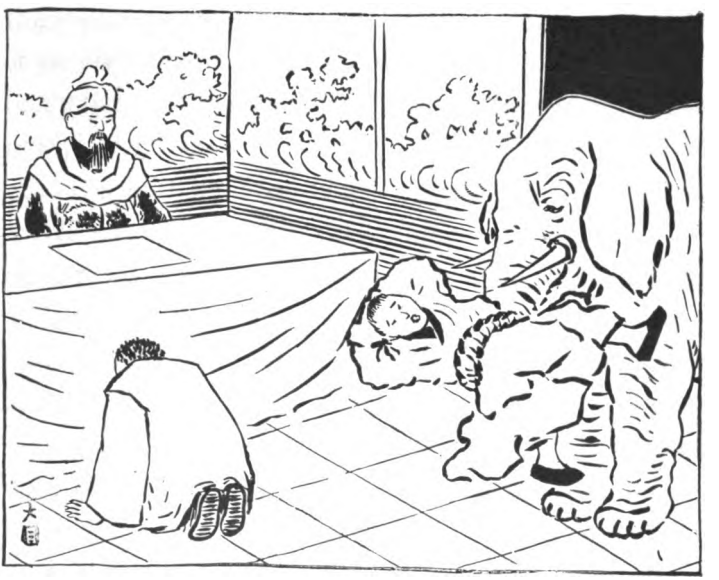
THE THIEF AND THE ELEPHANT

以象問案



Six hundred years ago the people of Southern China trained elephants and taught them to do many useful things. They worked for farmers and woodcutters, and helped make the roads twice a year; for an elephant could do many times more work than any other animal. So wise were the elephants that the people grew super-

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stitious about them, believing they could see even into the heart of man.

A judge named Ko-Kia-Yong had an elephant that was trained to do this wonderful thing, so it was said. Three cases which were brought before him, were decided by a wise old elephant which he owned. And this is the way one of the decisions was made:

A man came before the judge and said that some robbers had been in his house during the night and had taken his gold and jewels—all that he had; and he asked the judge to find and punish the thieves.

In three months, five robbers had been found. When they were brought to the judge, they bowed before him and each one said, "I have never stolen anything."

The man and woman who had been robbed were called. And the woman said, "That man with the long gray hair is the one who robbed us."

The judge asked, "Are you sure it is he, and how do you know?"

She answered, "Yes, I remember. He took the bracelet from my arm and I looked into his face."

"Did the other four rob you also?" asked the judge.

The woman answered, "I do not know."

But the judge said, "The man who you say is a robber, seems not like one to me. His face is kind and

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gentle. I can not decide according to your testimony. I know of but one way to find out, and we shall soon know the truth in this matter. My elephant shall be brought in to examine the men. He can read the mind and heart of man; and those who are not guilty need have no fear, for he will surely know the one who has done this deed."

Four of the men looked glad.

They were stripped and stood naked—all but the cloth—before the judge and the law of the nation, and the elephant was brought in.

Then the judge said to the elephant, "Examine these men and tell us which is the robber." The elephant touched with his trunk each of the five accused men, from his head to his feet.

And the white-haired man and the three others stood still and laughed at the elephant with happy faces; for they knew in their hearts they were not guilty and they thought the elephant knew. But the fifth man shivered with fear and his face changed to many colors. While the elephant was examining him, the judge said, "Do your duty," and rapped loudly. The elephant took the guilty man and threw him down on the floor, dead.

Then the judge said to the four guiltless men, "You may go." And to the woman he said, "Be careful whom you accuse." Then he said to the elephant,

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"Food and water are waiting for you. I hope you may live a long time, and help me to judge wisely."

After this many wise men who were not superstitious went to the judge and said:

"We know that your elephant can not read the heart and mind of man. What kind of food do you give him and what do you teach him? Man himself lives only from sixty to one hundred years and he knows little. How could an elephant read the heart of man, a thing which man, himself, can not do? Did the spirit of a dead man grow wise and enter that elephant? We pray that you explain."

And Ko-Kio-Yong, the wise judge, laughed and said, "My elephant eats and drinks as other elephants do. I think he surely does not know a robber from an honest man, but this is a belief among our people. The honest man believes it and has no fear, because he has done no wrong. The thief believes it, and is filled with terror. Trial before the elephant is only confession through fear."

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THE GENERAL, THE BIRD, AND THE ANT[1]

將軍賴蟻

THE people of the north nation were causing the king, Ting Ming Wong, much trouble, and one day he ordered his general, Gui Süt Yun, to declare war on them.

[1] The Chinese say that this is a true story which shows that the General Gui Süt Yun was a very good man and true. Otherwise the dream would not have been given him.

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The brave general prepared to march north at once. He led an army of twenty-five thousand cavalry, followed by one thousand infantry.

By the time they reached Mau Tin Lang the soldiers were very tired, for they had then marched ten days. Orders were given that they rest for three days before proceeding.

The weather was very warm, and on the second day there was no more water, not even to drink. The soldiers dug wells in many places, hoping to find water; but each time they were disappointed.

A report was then made to the general, Gui Süt Yun, which said, "The men and horses are near death for the lack of water."

Then the general ordered many men to go in different directions within a radius of ten miles to search for water.

The following morning two hundred men were dead, and still no water could be found.

Then the general, Gui Süt Yun, said, "We must all die here if we do not find water. If it is within one hundred miles, I will find it." He then mounted his favorite war horse, and rode until both he and the horse were ready to die with the terrible thirst. He tried to feed his horse with green leaves; but he was weak and suffering, and the general lay down for rest and sleep.

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He cried in bitterness of spirit. Then he looked up to heaven and said:

"Has our king done a great wrong or have our soldiers done evil? Why should we perish here in a strange land? In the hour that I rest and sleep here, may a spirit show me the path that leads out of this great trouble.

"It may be that if the north kingdom is right, we shall die here and not even go to battle. But if we are right, this thing should not be. When we first came here, there was plenty of water. Why did the earth drink up this water and leave us to die? As I sleep, may a spirit show me the meaning of all this."

Then he slept. And he saw one of the great wilderness ants; and a bird flew down to eat the ant. But the ant spoke and said, "I know that you birds try to eat our family all the time. But it is not right that one creature should eat another. You have power to overcome any ant and eat it if you wish, but man has charge of this world. When the hunter comes you can not escape his arrow or his net.

"It is not right that one creature should be against another creature. Go your way, and I will go my way, so that I may find food for my children.

"I have one hundred and fifty eggs in my nest now and I hope every one will soon hatch. Then my chil-

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dren will depend on me to help them. They will all die if you eat me, their parent. The earth has much grain, wheat, and rice. These are enough for your food."

Then the bird answered, "Tell me what makes you so wise. I am a bird. I am much handsomer than you and I have a beautiful song. The children of men all like me. It is true, as you say, the hunter does catch my people sometimes. But there are many men who raise birds in their own houses and teach them to sing. Then they take us to the music hall or theater where they get money for our songs.

"One member of the bird family carries letters for man; and our feathers are used to make feather balls for the children to play with. So you see, birds are very useful. But as for the ant I can not see how he is useful to man or beast."

"Oh, you are mistaken," said the ant earnestly. "Do you see this general here? He needs me to help him now. Do you know why he is lying here? He and his war horse are near death for the lack of water. Soon more than a thousand soldiers will be dead. Then the north nation will take this general's nation, and his people will no longer have a country. But I will save them.

"Long ago our people saved a nation. Once there was a war between the east and the west nations, and

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the general, Hai Hau, nearly perished for water, even as this general here is doing. But my people always build their homes near water, and he followed their road and they showed him the way to water and saved many lives."

Then the bird opened his mouth and laughed scornfully, "Chic, Chic, I do not believe that story. You are speaking falsely. I know of one very evil thing your people have done, which I will tell you about.

"Men built a great tower on the North Mountain once, and soon it fell to earth again. After a time they discovered the cause of this trouble. It was not the wind, nor the storm, nor the rain, nor even the earthquake that shook the tower down. It was found that ants had eaten the wood and this caused it to break and fall.

"Birds do not make trouble in the world. Ants do. But I will give you fair warning, that if you do not do this good thing you boast of, I will eat you at once."

The ant answered, "You shall yet see that I am able to save this general, his soldiers, and his horses."

The ant then went straight to the general's ear and said to him, "Do you remember General Hai Hau who was lost in this wilderness? If you will go to the forest, you will see a black street full of my people. They will lead you to their nests near the great cave spring

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in the wilderness, which was named Hai Hau for the general who discovered it. It is only a half mile from here."

Then the general, Gui Süt Yun, awoke and said, "Strange, but I surely heard an ant and a bird talking together while I slept. Where is my map? I did not know of the cave of Hai Hau."

He found the great cave spring, and he and his horse drank. Then he hurried back to the soldiers, and their lives were saved.

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THREE GIRLS WHO WENT TO A BOYS' SCHOOL

名符其行

THERE were thirty-five scholars in the school at Qui-Chu, and three were girls. The boys played by themselves and the three girls played together.

One day the teacher said to his mother, "I think I

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shall have the girls dress in boys' clothes next year, if they come to school."

"Why will you do this?" asked his mother.

"Because the boys do not like girls in the school. They will not play, read, or write with them. They tease them and laugh at them. I fear the girls must leave the school next year, and they are only nine years old. But we shall see." [1]

When the next year came, the mother was willing to do as her son said. She took some cloth and made boys' clothes for the three girls, which she put on them to see how they would look dressed as boys.

When the girls were dressed, they looked at each other and laughed. "What will you do with the ear-holes, grandmother?" they asked. "Surely the boys will know we are girls."

The mother called her son and asked him, "What shall we do with the ear-holes? They look like boys

[1] In China the girls do not attend the private schools with the boys, after they are about twelve years old. A little education at home is considered enough for the girls, for the Chinese say, "We want our women to be gentle, kind and obedient, and too much wisdom might not be good for them."

The attitude of the Chinese toward their women is paternal, but when the women become mothers and raise a family (especially if there are sons) their power and influence increase with the years, and the mother who lives in her son's home is a person of great importance to her son and his wife, who must serve her. Her wishes are deferred to and she is granted willing service and obedience by all the household.

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now, save for that one thing. I fear the girls can not go to school."

"I will see," replied her son. He thought much for two days. Then he went to find an old doctor in the next village, far enough away so that no one would know. He asked the doctor, "Can you close the ear-holes so that girls' ears will be as boys'?"

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor, "I can if you will pay me." Then the doctor came and put something in the ear-holes and colored it so that it looked like skin, and the grandmother was satisfied to send the girls to school.

But the teacher forgot and called them girls' names. The others laughed at the three boys with funny names, but they did not seem to remember them.

Five or six months went by, and the boys had not yet learned that the three scholars with the pretty names were the girls of last year. Then one boy came to the teacher and asked, "Why do those boys have girls' names? I wish to know."

The teacher thought a moment and said, "Lily—Beauty—Moon. That boy was called Lily, I think, because he was so red [1] when he was a little baby. The mother thought he ought to be called 'Red,' but

[1] In China the favorite lily is red.

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that is not a pretty name for a baby, and so they called him Lily.

"And do you not think that Beauty's name suits him? He is the handsomest boy in the school. I think his mother called him Beauty because he was such a pretty baby. He is as pretty as a girl. I think it is right that he should be called Beauty. Moon's name is suitable for him, too. You know he is gentle and fair. Did you ever see a more gentle boy in school? I think he was always very gentle and fair, and so his mother gave him that name. All his friends like him as they do the moon."

The boy ran away and told the other pupils what his teacher had said about the three boys with the pretty names.

New Year came, and each boy had to write his name on a piece of paper and hand it to the teacher, so that he could give them their school names.[1] Eight gave

[1] In China four names are given to a boy.

1st. The "mother name," which is given the child by the mother when it is born.

2d. The "school name," given when he begins school and which he keeps throughout his school days, his degree being given to him in this name.

3d. At sixteen, when he becomes legally of age, he takes a "given name," which is a variation of his school name and is the name by which he is generally known throughout life.

4th. About the time his education is completed the young man selects a name by which he is known only to his most intimate friends.

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their names as Beauty, and seventeen as Moon, while all the others wanted to be called Lily. They expected the teacher would allow them to have those as their school names.

In the summer time the scholars had a vacation and the teacher went away for a time.

One day they were all on the playground playing "Theater." They took nine of the prettiest boys and put red and white on their faces and dressed them like ladies and bound their feet to make them small. Six boys put on false beards. Then they piled up chairs and tables high to make a mountain, and the boys with bound feet were to cross over to the other side. The boys who had to climb over the mountain from the opposite side were careless, and when all met at the top, they tumbled and fell down in a heap. One boy broke his arm, one broke his finger, and one hurt his eye. The other boys did not stay to help or see what they could do for those who were hurt. All but the three girls, who were dressed like boys, ran away in fear, and left the wounded children lying on the ground.

One girl ran for the doctor. The other two stayed and gave the hurt ones water to drink, fanned their faces, kept the flies away, and cared for them like little mothers.

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In a few minutes the doctor came. He asked, "What were you doing, boys?" The boys were so hurt and scared that they could not talk, but the girls told how it had all happened.

The doctor bound up the broken arm and finger, and dressed the bruised eye. He was a good doctor and said, "These boys must lie still several days. They can not get up without my orders; now who is willing to take care of them?"

"We will help," said the three girls.

* * * * * * * *

The teacher came back and school began again. When he called for the names of the pupils, they gave those which they liked best—Lily, Beauty, and Moon—as before, but the teacher said, "No, these names are all wrong.

"There is only one Lily, one Beauty, and one Moon in this school now. You boys can not use the names I gave you. You had beautiful names, but your acts were not beautiful.

"You ran away when your schoolmates were hurt. You had no pity for them. Had it not been for Lily, Beauty, and Moon, they would have died. These names mean something. Beauty makes the world a pleasant place for us to live in. The Moon shines and gives us

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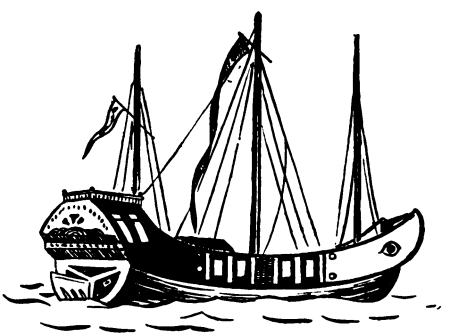
soft light. The Lily gives us beauty and sweet-smelling odors.

"Your acts were not like the names. After this, when boys want such names they must do something to be worthy of them."



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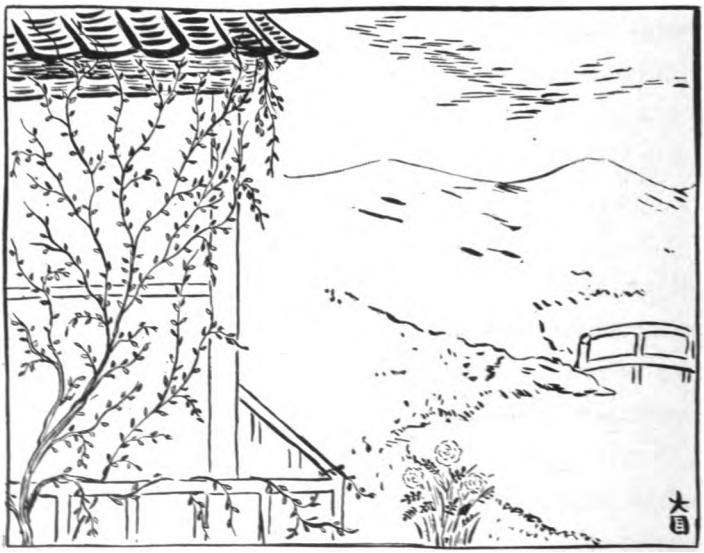
THE RATTAN VINE AND THE ROSE TREE

蔓莖與梅樹



In the San-Wui district, in the garden of a rich merchant, lived the Lon-da-Tang[1] (rattan vine) and the Mui-Kwi (rose tree).

One day the rose tree said to the rattan vine, "Lon-da-Tang, please tell me how you grow so fast.

[1] The literal meaning of "Lon-da-Tang" is, "Never stop growing." This is a vine-like rattan brought from the Pang-Wu Island to China

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What do you eat that you are able to go any where you wish? Nothing seems to hurt you. Nothing seems to stop you, not even the stone fences or the clay roofs. You have no fear, and there seems to be no danger for you. You care not for the heat of the sun when he is close in the summer time. The rain comes down with a rushing noise from dark places in the heavens, and you are not afraid. The wind blows hard and bends our heads to the earth, but you seem not even to heed it."

Then the Lon-da-Tang with a proud and happy summer face answered the rose tree, "Mui-Kwi-Si [1] (Mrs. Rose Tree), you should be made to leave this garden. I would not allow you to grow here if I were master.

"I have known you five or six years. The master put you in the earth and gave you much dirt to feed upon. He gives you water every morning. In the winter time he gives you a cover and a bed of straw. He trims your branches and serves you in many ways. And yet you do not grow.

over a thousand years ago by some Chinese fishermen. It grows with wonderful rapidity, completely covering a house in about three years. It affords valuable protection from the hot sun to the thin-roofed Chinese houses.

[1] Mrs. Rose Tree:—The Chinese fables call all fruit or flower-bearing plants or trees, Mrs. or Miss. Trees, or plants that do not bear flowers or fruits, are called Mr.

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"You are nine years old now, and only five or six feet tall, while I am only four years old and my branches measure many thousands of feet. You bear a few flowers in the summer, and that is all you can do. You have no fruit and not many leaves. You stand still in the garden and do nothing useful. You ought to be ashamed. Do you see my branches? Although I have been here but four years, I now reach over this house and am climbing the fence on the other side. Next year, I shall go and cover up another house.

"The master likes me in summer, because I keep the hot sun from the roof and make his house cool. The children like me, too. Sometimes they climb in my arms and swing. And the fence likes me, because I cover it so thickly that I protect it from the children and the pigs. The birds build their nests high in my arms and they like me also. The bugs like me, because I give them a home and they feed upon my leaves. So the master knows that I am good for many things.

"The birds would not go to you, because you are so small; they can not build a nest upon you. The master's wife does not care much for you, because you have so many thorns that she finds it hard to gather your flowers. You are pretty, but who cares about that? The fence is high and no one sees you. And so you stand there and do nothing."

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Then the rose tree replied, "Lon-da-Tang, with all your boasting, you can not even stand alone. I can at least do that. I know I am not large, and the birds do not build their nests with me. I can not grow so fast as you, but my children are known to the whole great world of mankind, and are called the sweetest of all flowers.

"And besides, I am independent. I do not lean upon other things. If your house or your fence falls down, where then will be your vain boastful head?

"I care not what you say of me, whether you think a rose is good or bad, strong or weak. I do not wish to lean on the fence or roof as you do. Some day, when the house and fence grow old, they will fall down, and what will you do then?"

Soon after this, there came a great storm. In San-Wiu many houses were partly destroyed and the fences fell to the ground. The roof of the merchant's house was blown off. The proud rattan vine, Lon-da-Tang, was broken in many places, and his head lay low on the earth.

But the rose tree stood firm. And she laughed and said to the rattan, "I told you that it was dangerous to lean upon other things and never to learn to stand by yourself. I would not trust any house or fence to do my standing for me. I would rather be independent.

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I grow all the leaves, stems, and flowers I want, and so I stand here forever. The north wind comes and I bow my head to the south. Then the south wind comes and opens my beautiful flowers. I am the rose tree, and in my own strength I stand."

The following new Ee-Sze has been added to this old story:

EE-SZE (Meaning): China and her people should be as the rose tree. We must rely upon ourselves. We are better students than warriors; once, when we found ourselves in trouble, we leaned on Japan. Then, when we had trouble with her, Russia told us she would help. But she was much worse and wished to take our land and to make us a people without a country.

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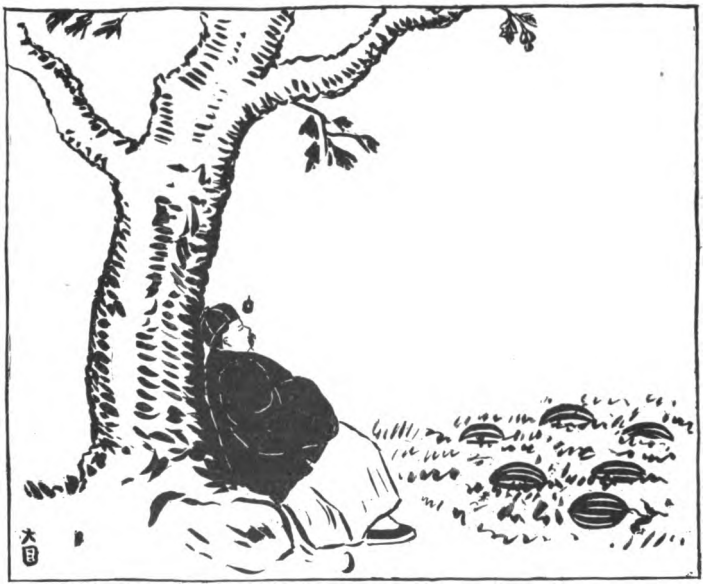
THE MELON AND THE PROFESSOR

學由瓜得



WU-KIAO was a professor in a large Chinese university, and a very proud and learned man. Hundreds of students were under his teaching, and many thousands honored him. When he went out of his house, five people followed, singing and playing the drum all the

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way down the street, and eight men carried his chair. At home he had six servants about him. During each meal, thirty dishes were served at his table.

The professor was a great man. Through his wisdom and out of his deep knowledge, he explained all questions to the people.

One day Wu-Kiao sat in the shade of a tree in his garden. He turned his head and saw a watermelon lying on the ground, nearly covered with its green leaves. Then, seeing the fig tree with many figs on it, he said, "I think the Creator should have made the melon grow on this tree."

He touched the tree and said, "How strong you are; you could bear larger fruit like the watermelon." And he said to the vine, "You, so thin and small, should bear small fruit like the fig. Things are not well ordered. Mistakes are made in creation." Just then a fig dropped from the tree on his nose, and he was a little bruised.

Then he said, "I was wrong. If the fig tree bore fruit as large as the watermelon and dropped it on my nose, I think I should be killed. It would be a dangerous tree to all people. I must study more carefully. I know many things and many people; and if I study and think more deeply, it may be I shall come to know that the Creator's works are perfect."

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WORD LIST

accuse	控告
acquainted	相熟
across	越過
actions	作爲
admired	稱讚
adversity	災殃
advice	勸諫
advise	勸·指示
afraid	恐怕
against	拒敵
ails	染恙
alarm	喧嘩
alive	生活
ancestors	祖宗
anger	忿怒
anguish	悽慘·煩惱
anxiety	憂慮
anxious	渴想
appearance	形
appetite	胃口
argue	辯
argument	辯論
arise	起身
army	陸軍
arranged the journey	布置行程
around	四圍
arrow	矢
aunt	嬸母·姑母
authority	威權·權
awake	醒寤
awaken	警醒
bark	樹皮
base	基址
baskets	籃
bathe	洗浴
battle	爭戰
beard	鬚
beaten	鞭責
bee	蜂
beetle	甲虫·槌擊
belt	帶

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beneath	底下
bitter	苦
bitterness of spirit	苦心
blessing	福氣
bookkeeper	當賬書記
bore	生養
borrowed	借貸
bowed	鞠躬
bracelet	手鐲
branches	枝
breakfast	早膳
breast	胸前
breeze	和風
bride	新婦
bruised eye	傷目
bulbs	圓物
bundle	捆·束·卷
cackling	相言相語（指雞言）
cage	籠
carp fish	鯉魚
catch	捕
caught	拿獲
causes the trouble	招其禍
cavalry	騎兵
ceased	停
chirped	噪
clapped	拍掌
cleansed	去汚·洗清
climb	爬上
clothes	衣服
company	伴
complained	出怨言
complaining	出怨言
complete	完全
concerning	關及
confession	服罪·招認
conquer	勝
conquered	得勝
contemptuously	侮辱
corn	眞珠米
courage	勇氣
cousin	堂妹
cowards	怯夫
crab	蟹
cracking	裂

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creature	生物
creeper	爬者
crooked	彎曲
cunning	刁猾
dance	跳戲
dark	黑暗
dashed	撞
daughter	女孩
decay	漸壞
deer	牡鹿
delicate	嬌嫩
depend	靠託
deserted	廢棄
deserved	應得
desk	書案
despair	絕望
despised	輕視
destroy	敗壞
determined	决意
dialect	言·土白
different	異
directions	指揮
dirt	污食
disagreeable	不合之味
disappears	不見
disappointed	失望
disgrace	恥辱
disobedient	違背
distance	距離
doctor	醫生
doctrine	道
dress	衣服
dresses	穿服
driven	逐
dropped	丢落
drum	鼓
drummed	擊鼓
eagle	鷹
ear holes	耳環孔
earnestly	壹意
elephant	象
else	其他
empress	皇上
empty	空虛
endures	堪忍
enemies	讐敵

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enough	足·滿
escape	逃避
examine	考驗
exchange	兌換
excused	辭退
expect	希望
explain	解明
face cast down with sorrow	憂形於面
face distorted with anger	因怒變面
failed	不成
fanned	扇風
family	家屬
famine	饑荒
feather	毛
feathered	羽毛
feed	予以食
fell	跌下
fierce	恐懼
fig	無花果
fight	緊
filled	耕種
finally	終
fire cracker	爆竹
fins	鱗
flies	蠅
followers	同黨者
foggy	霧霧
fore	撕
forest	林
forever	永遠
fought	戰爭
fragrant	香氣
frail	軟弱
fresh	新鮮
frightened	威嚇
frowned	蹙額
frozen	冰凍
funeral	出喪
funny	希奇
furniture	器用·裝飾
gardener	管園者
garments	裳袍
gathers	聚
generals	將軍·提督

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generation 時代
gibbon 長臂猿
gloomy 昏暗
government 政府
grace 恩愛
grain 米穀
grasshoppers 螳螂
gravy 肉汁之類
greedy 貪饕
grief 憂慮
growled 哮·吠
guest 客
guests 客人
guilty 犯過
gun 鎗

habits 性情
hail 雹
handsome 美麗
happened 逢遇
harvest 收成
hide 隱匿
hoarded 儲蓄
honey 蜜
honor 尊貴
hopped 跳
hunger 餓
hunted 打獵
hurried 急速
hurt 傷

image 影
imitated 仿·效
incense 線香
independent 自立
indifferently 淡漠
infantry 步兵
insisted 迫·逼
instruction 命令
interwoven 連合

jacket 短袍
jail 牢獄
jealous 妒
jewelry 賣寶珠者
judge 裁判官
judgment 意見·決斷
jumped 跳

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keen 伶俐
killed 戮
kitchen 厨房

lack of water 乏水
ladder 梯
lemon 檸檬
lightning 電
lion 獅子
listen to 聽從

maiden 童女
meal 食·餐
medicine 藥
merchants' agent 代銷貨者
mercy 恩
merry 快樂
message 信息
mingling 交雜
mischief 頑
miserable 悽慘
mocks 戲弄
mother-in-law 姑
mounted 上馬
mouse 小鼠
mud 泥
music 音樂
mystery 奧妙

narcissus 水仙花
nature 性情
naughty 刁頑
neighbors 鄰
net 網
noise 喧鬧
nurse girl 侍女
nuts 果子

obeyed 服從
observed 注目
odor 氣味
offends 觸犯
oppose 拒
orchard 菓樹園
outcast 爲人輕視
outrun 走勝
outwit 勝以計
overtook 捕獲

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park	公園
party	羣聚·同伴
pasture	牧地
patient	忍耐
peanuts	長生果
pearls	珠
peel	剝皮
perfect	完全
performing	成·演
perish	傷亡
perishing	喪亡
persuade	引勸
pet	鍾愛
petals	花瓣
pig	猪
piled	堆
pillow	枕
pity	悲傷
plenty	豐足
plow	耕耘
poisoned	毒之
pond	池
possible	或可
potatoes	出芋
preparing	預備
presence	面前
proceeding	前進
prophet	先知
province	省
pulled	拉
pulse	脈
punish	責罰
pure	清潔
quakes	震動
quarreling	爭論
queen	奇怪
radius	半徑
rage	忿怒
raged	怒氣
rapped	拍·急拍
reach	得到
really	的確
refuse	拒
refused	拒絕
relatives	親戚
replied	答

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reproved	面責
resist	拒·抵住
respectfully	尊敬
reverenced	尊敬
righteousness	義
roar	吼
robbed	劫掠
robbers	盜
robe	袍
roughly	粗暴
salary	薪俸
sang	唱曲
satisfied	滿意
scales	鱗
scared	怕害
scatter	分散
scattered	走散·分離
scold	面責·斥
scornful	侮慢
scraped	削
screamed	呼喊
searched	尋訪
searching	找尋
secret	密事
secretary	書記
seeds	種子
self-control	自束
served	事奉
shade	蔭
shame	恥
sharp knife	利刃
shelter	遮蓋
shelter	殼
shivered	戰慄
shook	搖動
short time	不多日
shouted	歡呼
shrubs	矮樹
silence	幽靜無聲
silly	蠢愚
silly	呆·獃
skin disease	皮症
slap	掌責
smooth	光滑
snail	蝸
sneering	藐視
sobbing	哭泣之聲

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soil	土地
soldier	兵
sour	酸
splashed	潑水
spoil	敗壞
sprang	跳出
spurs	踢
stab	刺
stains	梗
starving	饑
steepest	高崖
sting	刺
stirred	粘動
stomach	胃
strange	奇
stranger	不相識者
struck	擊
stuck	刺入
succeed	得手
sudden	忽然
suggested	指示
summit	山頂
sunk	陷下
superstitious	迷信
support	供養
suppose	料想
surprised	驚訝
swallowed	一吞
sweet-smelling	美氣味
swimming	泅水
sword	劍
swore	矢願
sympathy	同情
tailor	成衣匠
tear	破壞
teased	嬉弄
temper	大怒
temple	廟
tempted	引誘
terrible	駭
terror	恐懼
theater	戲園
thin	瘦弱
thirsty	渴
thorns	刺
thorn-sticks	荊棘梗
threw	擲·丟
throats	喉

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thunder	雷
touched	觸
towards	向
trembled	戰慄
trembling	戰慄
tribute	貢賦
tricks	戲法·術訣
trip	遊
trunk	象鼻
twinkle	閃爍
ugly	醜
uncovered	脫帽
unfinished	未完
unhatched	在卵之雞
unless	除·若不
unstable	不定
upside	顛倒
vegetable	菜蔬
vile	鄙陋
visit	拜訪
voice	聲音
wasted	濫費
watch	觀看
watermelon	西瓜
wax	蠟
weather	天氣
widow	孀婦
wings	羽
wise	噪
withstand	堪當
woodcutters	樵夫
worthy	適當
wounded	受傷
woven	織
wrapped	包縛
youth	年輕

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